FEBRUARY '03
ISSUE NO. 21

The Slate

SO CHEAP IT'S FREE

INSIDE:

KERRY'S GAA ANIMALS GO MAD IN AFRICA

WE FIND IRELAND'S BIGGEST WANKER

PAEDOPHILE TOP TRUMPS

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION IN CORK

JOCKS ON THE LOOSE

SCHOOLS RUGBY: THE TERRIBLE TRUTH

kick the cat

	August					
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	August					
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gav beattie.

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Issue No. 21 February 2008

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Those langers down in Cork have robbed The Slate and started giving it out in their city. They must be stopped.

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Sinead had taken drastic measures to persuade her man to throw out his blow-up sex doll

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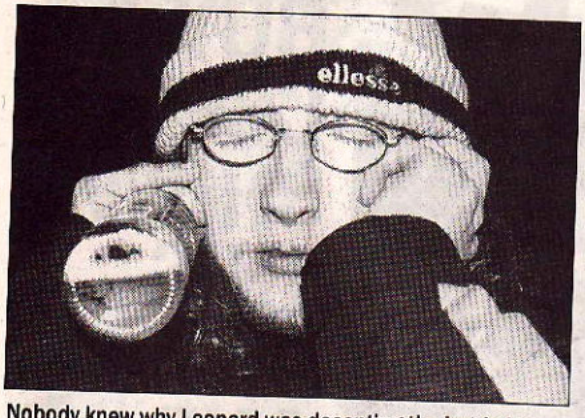
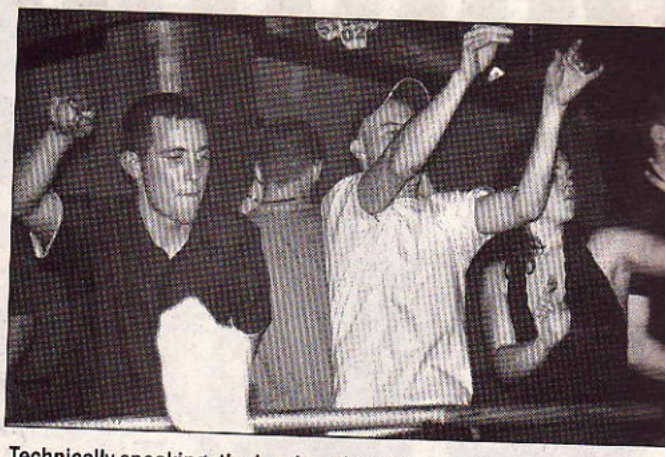
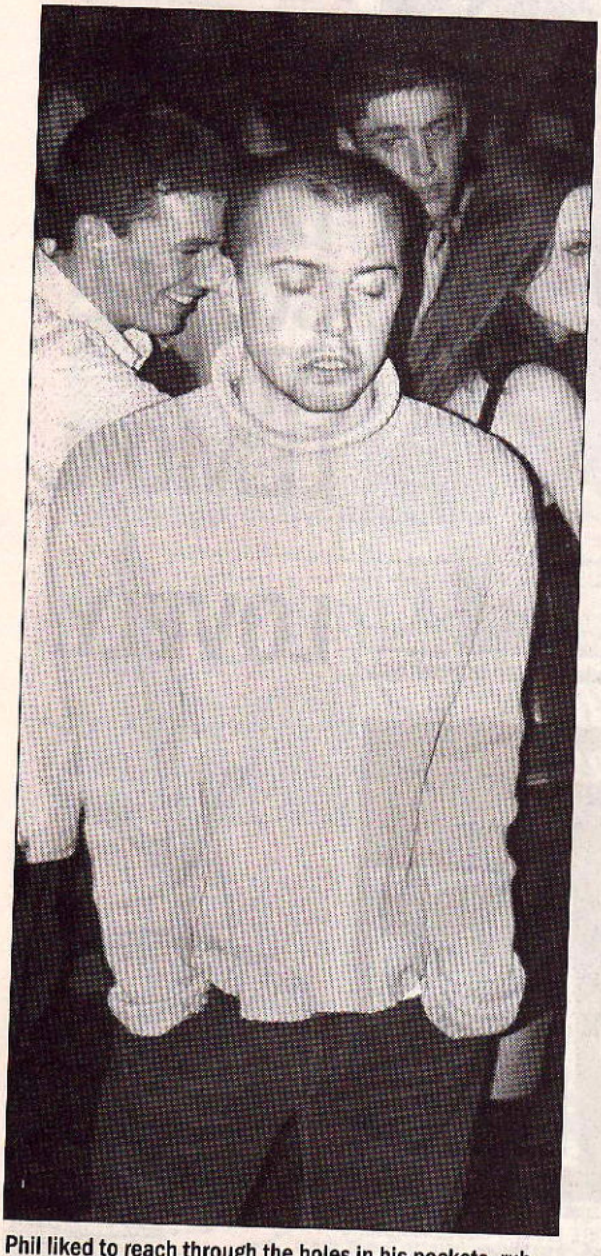


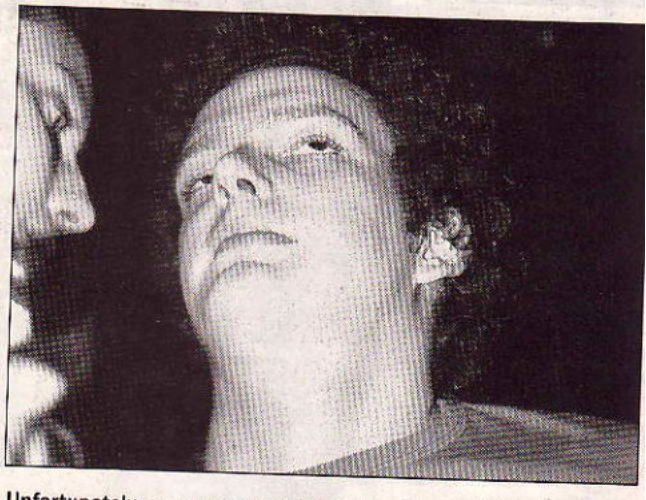
Nobody knew why Leonard was decanting the bottle into his ear.



Technically speaking, the local cattle market had been converted to a disco, but old habits die hard.



Phil liked to reach through the holes in his pockets, rub his hands on his balls and then give everyone 'high 5s'.



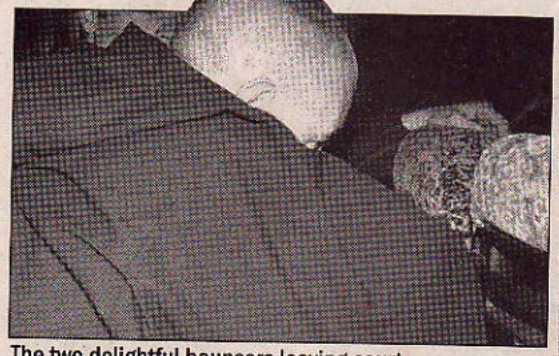
Unfortunately, our cameraman's long hard search for a flattering angle was in vain

Dublin's Wanking Champion poses for a trophy photo next to a humiliated loser.

News

With chief newshound Johnny Maddog Adair

Club of the month: Cats on Leeson St.



The two delightful bouncers leaving court

OUR PRESTIGIOUS January award goes to Cats after two of their bouncers were found guilty of some extremely sinister and violent behaviour and thrown in jail for six months.

This pair of cunts, along with another cunt, locked a couple of customers into a room in the club and gave them the bateing of a lifetime.

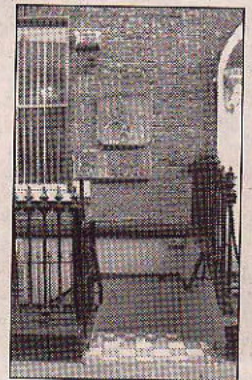
The victims - both in their 20s - were minding their business having a drink in the shithole when they noticed a couple of bouncers laying into another punter at the club.

One of these guys, Paul Walsh, was nice enough to ask the security men to take it easy with the digs. The bouncers obviously didn't like being told how to do their job though, and Walsh's reward was a quick punch in the face,

Disco Pigs get stuck into some wantonly cheeky customers

after which all hell broke loose.

During the melee, some manager (known only as Freddy) told Walsh and his friend Aaron O'Driscoll that he could escort them to safety. Unfortunately, on the way out, they suddenly found themselves locked in a room with three bouncers, one of whom was getting a baton out from behind a counter.

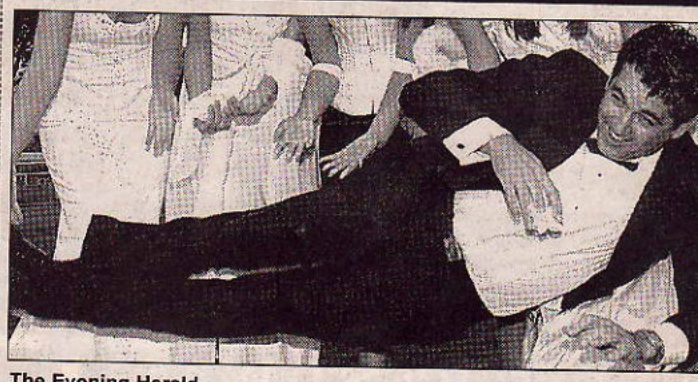


The doorway of death

O'Driscoll was so badly beaten by these pumped up dickheads that he lost consciousness, and Walsh had to be brought to St. James's Hospital with a nice laceration to the head. Talk about Cool for Cats

EXCLUSIVE: THE SLATE FIND

IRELAND'S BIGGEST WANKER



The Evening Herald recently asked Mr. Ireland, Padraidh Hearn to describe what he does on a typical weekend.

IS THIS GUY THE WORST CUNT IN THE COUNTRY? YOU DECIDE

Friday

The fun starts with dinner in "trendy" Milano's, after which Padraidh (yes that is how he spells his name) heads up to Café en Seine. Everywhere he goes, P.'s title smooths the path before him. "Sometimes you get a huge queue outside but fortunately knowing the doorman, we can just walk in." Then it's on for a bit to Cocoon before finishing up in the piano bar in Lillie's listening to maudlin classics from Eurovision hero Paul Harrington, and trying to hang out with stars like "Ronnie Wood, Ken Doherty or even Prince!" There is a real sense of camaraderie, and Padraidh comments fondly that "as it gets later, everyone is buying everyone a drink." Mind you, he wouldn't get too carried away with the spirit of things. There are some ruthless hussies in the club who are "just looking for someone to buy them a drink."

Saturday

The main man hits Club Annabel where "the manager Joe is a friend of mine". "You get many of the same celebrities you might have seen in Lillie's the night before," reveals Padraidh, musing that "you soon realise that there's o a certain amount of VIPs to go around a Dublin might soon fa a celebrity famine!" G forbid. Because of th even B-list beauty queen Padraidh som times finds himself besieged by amoral starfuckers. "You hav to be careful who you talk to," says Padraid suspiciously.

Sunday

P. and the posse hea to "Club 92 in Leopardstown Racecourse, which attracts a very chic crowd from Foxrock a Blackrock." That barefaced lie should secure him at least a year's free membersh

February Dates for your Journal

Sat 1st

The Chinese new year starts today, and the good news is i'ts the year 4700, not 2003. Also, farmers take note - it's the year of the goat, not the tractor.

Sun 2nd

Football match in aid of some charity takes place in Tolka Park. A number of unfit, fat celebrity idiots will kick the ball around before they all retire to Lillies to get drunk. Keith Duffy is involved

Fat Cats Forum set for Dublin

It's the perfect excuse for a mad riot as Bertie's big business mates roll into town

GREAT NEWS! A complete collection of cunts will be visiting our shores in the not too distant future.

They are called the World Economic Forum (WEF) and they are a group of business leaders and spineless politicians who spend their lives plotting to destroy the world.

And Ireland's glorious government has reportedly invited these people to hold a six day conference right here in Dublin.

This is likely to consist of the delegates dashing from five star hotels to ritzy cocktail parties in a desperate race to give out as many backhanders as possible.

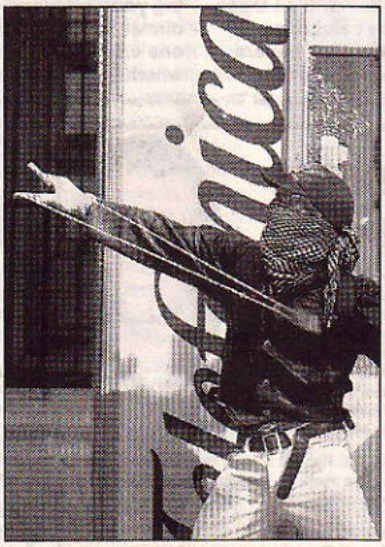
During the day, experts will be paid to deliver worthy speeches on how to improve the world while the suits snooze off their hangovers or play cards out in the hotel lobby.

Thankfully, WEF gatherings tend to be accompanied by large troops of hyperactive anarchist types, who turn up wherever the Forum is meeting and smash the host city into smithereens.

After the disappointment of last year's Mayday protest - where only the Gardai managed to get the digs in - this event provides the perfect opportunity to redress the balance by sticking it to the boys in blue good and proper.

(For instructions on how to make a petrol bomb or bow and arrow, phone The Slate hotline on 1800 666 111)

Needless to say, Ireland's tabloid journalists have been licking their fat lips in glee at the prospect of more violence on our streets.



That's the spirit

"Battle Stations" was the Mirror's admirably restrained headline, followed by lurid comparisons with last year's G8 summit in Genoa which "left the streets running with blood."

And a concerned anonymous Garda turned on the fluent tabloidese to say that "the city centre will have to be converted into a fortress to keep these anarchists under control."

The Sun was also very excited at the prospect of the Gardai doing "battle with the hordes of anti-globalisation protesters who would descend on Dublin this autumn."

Now it's up to everyone else to make sure that these prophecies of doom come true and Dublin turns into a citadel of bedlam as oon as these morons arrive.

JOIN OUR MAILING LIST

Every week or so we mail people ideas we're thinking about putting in the magazine and they get back with suggestions etc. Anybody can join except for Samantha Mumba, so get your holes in action by sending an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject.

African Rampage

The question on everyone's lips this month is: Has the GAA gone completely mad?

FIRST IT was the proud Dubs - frolicking as naked as gays in a South African swimming pool. Now Kerry have matched their great rivals - proving Paidi O'Se's point that his is a county of "fucking animals."

Gentleman John Crowley

One of our overseas reporters ran into the Kingdom squad lapping up the famed Cape Town nightlife last month. To the forefront of activities was superstar forward Johnny Crowley - whose fancy was taken by a Scottish girl in the bar. Crowley went up to her and, like a true Kerryman, quickly turned on the charm. "You're the most Beautiful Girl I've ever seen," he slurred. "Do you have a boyfriend?" "Yes," was the emphatic response. But desperate Johnny (a Garda by trade) wasn't to be denied. "OK then, would you let me lick your boobies?."

Needless to say, the poor girl turned tail and ran for her life - straight into the player whose stag it was - Liam Hassett, eight feet tall and dressed in a Superman costume and tights. It was a surprising sight, though not as surprising as when he licked her face to the disgust of everyone in the bar.

Another group of players were busy getting the rest of the bar passively stoned as they tucked into a local Rastafarian's supply of Durban Poison and Swaziland Gold.

With one of the highest Aids rates in the world, hiring hookers in South African is a highly unsafe pastime. But the Boys from the Kingdom didn't want to hear his doomtalking and book learning and soon enough, two of them (not the ones mentioned above) were seen deep in discussion with two young, attractive coloured women. The lads seemed to work their magic on these painted ladies and within moments were walking off to show them their medals.

Paidi - he's the boss

All in all, a splendid evening's work by the Kingdom's finest.

Sat 8th

The 12th Record & CD fair takes place in the Gresham Royal Marine hotel in Dun Laoghaire from 10.30am to 5.30pm. Check it out if you're into old & rare records. Email Comet@indigo.ie for info

Mon 10th - Sun 16th

Apparently some do-gooders have organised a Random Acts of Kindness Week. Be sure and kick any old people you see and be especially unfriendly to charity collectors

Wed 12th

Ireland play Scotland in a Soccer friendly in Hampden park. Keane will be fit and McCarthy is gone, so the little moaning shit has no excuse

Paedo top trumps

IT'S THE GREATEST GAME IN THE WORLD!

AS EVERYONE knows, there are good paedophiles and bad paedophiles. But with all these high profile celebrities popping up in the papers for their paedo predilections, it can be hard work keeping up with who's doing what. If you're finding yourself flummoxed at dinner parties when everyone else is talking about whether Tim Allen likes girls or boys, or whether Mathew Kelly and Jonathan King between them molested all of the Bay City Rollers, then this Paedo top trumps game is for you.

Tim Allen

Fame rating: 1/10. Not famous himself, but had the misfortune to marry the ruthlessly ambitious Darina Allen who subsequently became Ireland's no. 1 Celebrity Chef.

Perviness: 1/10. A dull Quaker who is a bread chef by trade - it doesn't get more boring than that. Bought pictures of mainly post-pubescent girls with his credit card and deleted them immediately after viewing them - disappointingly unadventurous.

Punishment: 6/10. Fined a derisory sum (for him) and escaped prison. However, this gave the media plenty of moral ammunition and he is, according to the Sunday World, an evil sex predator who should be jailed asap.

Pete Townsend

Fame rating: 8/10. Music legend who wrote a rock opera about a disabled little boy. Oh dear.

Perviness: 1/10. - for looking like a pervert.

Punishment: 4/10. No official punishment and he claims he's innocent, but he can't have enjoyed being on the cover of every newspaper in England and Ireland last month.

Thomas Reedy

Fame rating: 2/10. Complete unknown before he was caught, but is now known as the guy who got everybody else caught. When his Texas-based porn portal was busted it lead to 250,000 other pederasts getting snared worldwide. He won't be invited to too many paedo parties in the future.

Perviness: 9/10. Ran the biggest child porn business in the world - he made $1.4 million a month from it and his other porn enterprises.

Punishment: 10/10. In jail for 1,335 years. Probably not popular with the other inmates either.

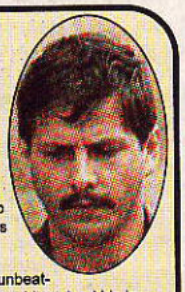
Fr Ivan Payne

Fame rating: 3.5/10. Hasn't cracked America or Europe yet. Bishop Dessy Connell notoriously 'loaned' him €30,000 to pay off victims having claimed that the Catholic church had never made a single payment to victims of nonce priests.

Perviness: 7/10. The internet wasn't around when he was in the business so he molested kids instead of looking at them on a computer screen.

Punishment: 7/10. Was thrown in jail, and since his release the tabloids have insistently followed him round and told the rest of the nation where he lives.

Marc Dutroux



Fame rating: 7/10. Possibly the world's most hated child molester. Ran a Belgium-based paedo ring which is rumoured to have included Belgian politicians and policemen.

Perviness: 200/10. Dutroux is unbeatably nasty and sadistic. He enjoyed keeping kids in cages under his house, where he filmed them, let them starve to death and the only exercise they got was when they were taken to rich men's houses to be abused even more. Very unpleasant.

Punishment: 0/10. Hasn't been tried yet because the Belgian police make the Keystone Cops look like the Gestapo.

Gary Glitter

Fame rating: 10/10. Won't be sneaking across too many borders in the near future.

Perviness: 58/10. Again, looks the part, and was recently deported from Cambodia, notorious for its lax attitude to child sex. Apparently has a voracious appetite for kiddie porn and also had The Lover's Guide to Better Child Sexual Abuse on his computer when it was searched.

Punishment: 6/10. 2 months in jail, but will probably never have another of his songs played on the radio again. Just as well.

Jonathan King

Fame rating: 6.6/10. Famous in Britland in a Louis Walsh kind of way - was a flamboyant pop mogul in the 70s, wrote some bubblegum chart hits and presented cheesy TV programmes.

Perviness: 9/10. Even more freakish looking than Gary Glitter in his wig, King used to drive around London in a vile brown Rolls Royce picking up 14 year old boys. He'd take them back to his mansion, show them nude pictures of Samantha Fox and suddenly whip out his lad and start all kinds of unpleasant crap.

Punishment: Years in jail and complete public humiliation haven't dimmed his larger than life, irritating camp personality. He insists he's having a great time in the slammer and is deputy editor of the jail paper, which no doubt is filled with pictures of youngsters.

PR Bullshit artists of the month

SPIRIT NIGHTCLUB on Abbey St. have completely embarrassed themselves by issuing a crazy press release about some event they are holding at the beginning of this month. For some reason they've decided that putting on a night in honour of St. Brigid - a dull saint who probably spent her entire life in a beehive hut in the middle of the Atlantic ocean - would be a clever marketing ploy for attracting even more of the morons who frequent this tacky shithole.

And as if this ridiculous idea wasn't repellent enough to make everyone in the city stay home for the night doing the washing up, the accompanying press release appears to have been written by somebody who has a policy of sniffing strong glue before putting pen to paper.

Some choice cuts include:

- "St Brigid is a deeply significant spiritual deity in Irish history. In ancient times she was the goddess of poetry, wisdom and was invoked for healing, fertility and during childbirth."

- "She was renowned for her beneficence (she banished winter and ushered in spring every year) and her generosity."

As if even one of the monkeys who go there cared about anything other than sticking it into some bird with a truckload of fake tan on.

It doesn't stop there either:

- "Spirit invokes Brigid for guidance and inspiration on our journey. We have a special commemorative gift commissioned for this event and the venue will be decorated in accordance."

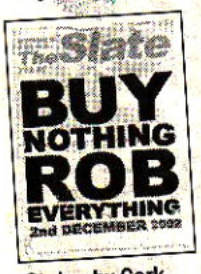
The best part is that they have hired some gay New York DJ in to give the whole night an extra special holy, Irish feel. Bravo to the management! This is sure to be the event of the millennium, make sure you don't go near it.

Cork's fun famine goes on and on

And the most miserable people on earth have tried to brighten up their lives by stealing The Slate

IN A rather surprising development, it appears that copies of The Slate are being stolen from the capital by jealous culchies and distributed down in Cork city. Despite a strict policy of keeping this magazine within the confines of Dublin, reports in The Cork Examiner show that some copies have leaked out and ended up in langer central.

This is a most unfortunate piece of news, as we in no way want to associate ourselves with a place full of people with hi-pitched voices, moany temperaments and an accent which brings to mind the sound of a dog being put down. Not just that, but their provincial jealousy will surely only be further inflamed when they realise that the best publication in Ireland is a strictly Dublin affair.



Stolen by Cork

This would be a major concern, as everyone in Cork already has a dreadful chip on their shoulder, and any further provocation might cause them all to give up the ghost completely and move to Dublin - a nightmare scenario.

Part of these paranoid langers' upbringing involves being forced to learn off lists of little things about their city to be proud of. Then, when they come up to Dublin, they try to get onto an equal footing by reciting off all the supposedly good points about Cork at the start of the conversation.

Thankfully, once they get past making cheese, the Cliffs of Moher, and a few imitation trendy pubs they are forced to shut up for a while. But it's not long before they're at it again - this time laying in with some pathetic slags on Dublin in a desperate attempt to feel less inferior.

Nowhere is the Cork insecurity more evident than on thepeoplesrepublicofcork.com, a shambolic website full of League of Ireland match reports, bad music from mediocre Cork bands and lots of narrow-minded articles about how terrible Dublin is.

Some shit street in Langertown

Check out this codswallop that appeared on it for example:

"Dublin, as has been pointed out a few times recently, is fast turning into a provincial English city (sorry Dubs, not even Manchester; more like Birmingham). Cork, meanwhile, is turning into a rather pleasant European port town, say Le Sable d'Ologne, or Bordeaux or Seville."

Needless to say, whatever moron made this delusional comment had been partaking of that favoured Cork pastime, solvent abuse, for a number of days before sitting down to write. This, remember, is the city who's only nightclub - the Savoy - is conveniently located in a shopping centre.

We would kindly request that any Cork people who are reading would stop immediately and post this magazine back to a Dublin address.

Plane and Simple

We check out what's going on at the world's greatest airline

The magnificent Ryanair announced last month that they are soon to add to their fantastic fleet of second hand planes. Anyone who has flown with the airline will be aware that a huge effort is made by all involved to make your Ryanair trip as luxurious, safe and relaxing as possible. We go behind the scenes to find out what steps are taken to achieve this effect.

- Carpet sold and replaced with rough farmyard matting covered in chewing gum and cigarette burns.

- Trapdoor inserted in centre of cabin for anyone who is caught complaining during the flight

- Installation of mountaineering equipment to help staff get from airport to nearest point of civilisation (customers must bring own equipment)

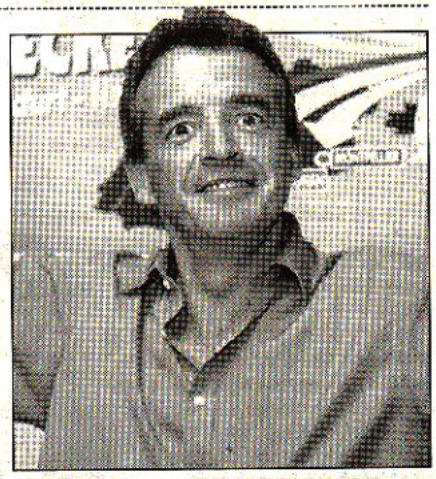
- All seats divided in two to maximise the capacity of the plane.

- Dogs and cattle let roam around cabin for two weeks to create authentic Ryanair smell

- Fridge of beer put into cockpit as payment for pilot

- L plates attached to outside of plane

- Plane-flying manual left on all seats in case the pilots go on strike


Service with a smile from Michael O'Leary

- Make-up hose installed at front of plane for air hostesses

And hey presto! You're in the lap of luxury.

Sat 14th
Valentine's day - yipee-eye-o. Check page 21 for more info on this nonsense

Sun 16th
The Dublin Toy and Train Fair takes place in the Royal Marine Hotel again in Dun Laoghaire. Watch out for spoilt brats and their nerdy dads who'll be playing with all the boring trains

Mon 24th
The Carnival of Venice starts today. We're so lucky to live in Dublin

The Gangs o

The Leinster Schools Senior Cup is upon us. Prepare for an extravaganza of despicable jockishness

For anyone fortunate enough to have avoided this evil and unnatural gathering of meathead rugby players up until now, we bring you the definitive guide to the most appalling contest on earth.

Supporters

The people who turn up at rugby matches and cheer like monkeys can be divided into three categories

1. The Schoolkids

From the age of 12 (nine in some places) posh kids are brainwashed into idolising the fifteen most fat-headed bastards in their schools. Coming up to a big cup match everyone is herded into the assembly hall for 'cheerleading practice'. This involves a load of dicks who want to be involved in rugby but can't even play it going up on the stage and shouting into megaphones for about 40 minutes.

The purpose of this is to teach the younger students how to attach their school's name to the same collection of shit chants that everyone else uses. Sometimes members of the team will come up on the stage during these sessions and shout something stupid like "we'll fight and die for the Senior Cup lads" in an emotional voice.

At the match, the cheering usually sounds like a lot of dogs barking. As an interesting aside, some completely pathetic schools resort to chanting "we'll beat you in the Leaving" or "our daddies drive bigger cars than yours" as consolation when their team is being hammered off the park by the opposition.

2. The Girls

Mainly from stuck up bitch southside schools like Mount Anville, Alexandra College, and Loreto Foxrock. Even though these teenage ladies turn up to almost every match in their white tracksuit bottoms, they still don't have a clue how rugby is played and probably wouldn't notice if there was a bullfight taking place on the pitch instead of a senior cup match.

3. The Parents

Rugby is an equal opportunities sport, which means that mothers are also expected to show up and pretend they can understand what's going on as their son's personality is systematically eradicated out there on the pitch. Cheering at the wrong parts of the game and making tea for everyone afterwards is as far as most mums go, but the odd mad battleaxe gets rabidly involved and starts videoing the games and forcing her son to practise his line-out throwing with her in the garden when she should be cooking the Sunday roast.

4. The Past Pupils

There are plenty of grannies dying and wives falling over their ironing boards on senior cup match day - all in the name of the venerable alumni getting a half-day off work to go along and meet their old chums for an afternoon of fond reminiscing. This disappointing collection of bank workers, accountants and tight-arsed solicitors will usually turn up drunk and laugh and sing for as long as their team is winning.

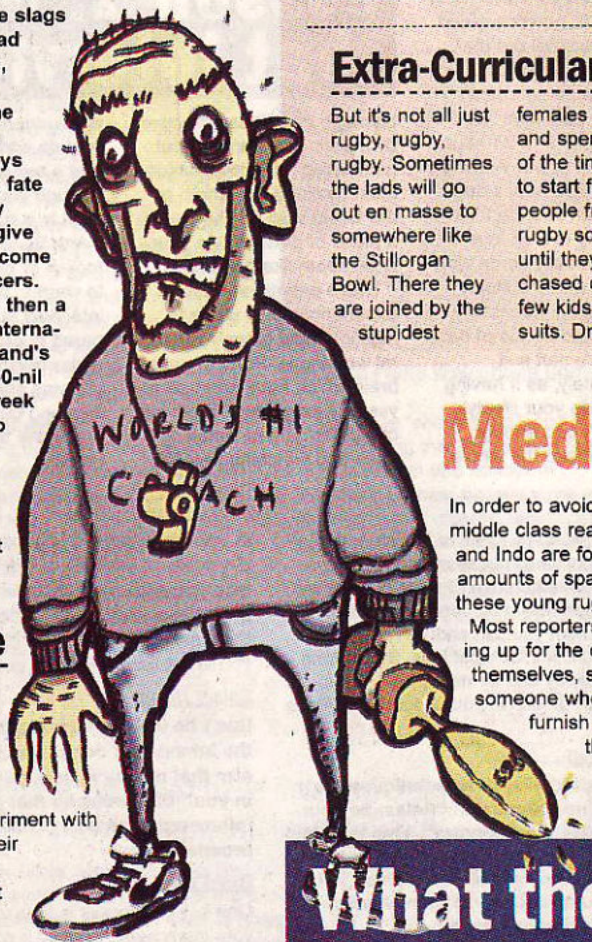
However, if the worm turns, and the old alma mater starts to take a beating, the oily thirty-somethings go white with rage and start launching venomous insults at some 17-year-old who has dropped a pass or missed a tackle. This is in spite of the fact that, as schoolboys, most of these people were never-used substitutes on teams that got hockeyed by 70 points from one end of the season to the other. Afterwards, it's into Kiely's where distasteful business alliances are forged and the conversation centres mainly on how to keep the underclasses in their place.

f D4

Coaching

The Coaches

These are usually either teachers who have an intense dislike for schoolkids, or past pupils who have more or less moved into Kiely's since they left school and are too stupid to get a proper job. In some awful cases, parents of team members take charge of the training duties - an excruciating situation for the youngsters, who have to listen as everyone slags their father's bad breath, fat arse, and complete ignorance of the game of rugby. Most young boys who suffer this fate either run away from home or give up rugby to become gay ballet dancers. Every now and then a failed former international from Ireland's glory days of 50-nil losses every week is brought in to boss the other coaches around and pretend that he knows what he is doing.



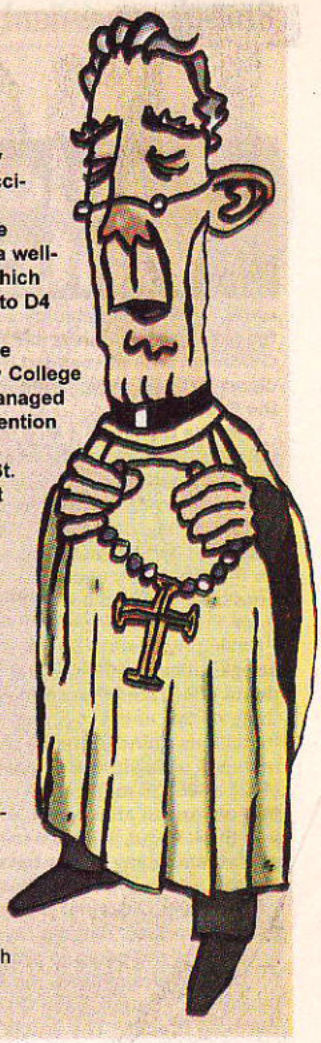
Creatine

As increasingly worrying statistics have shown, a large percentage of teenagers experiment with drugs during their teenage years. Thankfully most kids have the good sense to pick a narcotic substance that is enjoyable to get high on. But the rugby jocks pump themselves full of horrible Creatine - a dubious substance that makes them sprint up and down the training pitch for days on end and turns them into psychotic beefheads with shrunken testicles and blue knobs. Then, when they come off it and start hitting the Heino in college, the inevitable lard piles on until all they are good for is being rolled around the pitch to flatten out the bumps.

The Schools

Leinster rugby is well-known as a salt of the earth sport which is played by decent coves from all classes who have one thing in common - a sense of fair play and a love for excitement. That's why you'll find a fleet of southside Mercs at most matches, revving up beside the pitch as they look to run over anyone who has dared to take the field with a Dublin accent.
Most of the rugby schools come from horrible parts of the southside like Ballsbridge, Blackrock, Monkstown and Donnybrook. A few Northside schools like Belvedere and Castleknock are allowed to enter, but that is because they are generally assumed to be southsiders who have ended up in the wrong place by some evolutionary accident. Likewise Clongowes - a Kildare boarding school - is a well-known prat factory which turns rich boggers into D4 dickheads.

A few proper culchie schools like Kilkenny College and Roscrea have managed to sneak in (not to mention dangerous knacker establishments like St. Paul's in Raheny) but there is an effective conspiracy to make sure that none of these teams ever progress beyond the insignificant early rounds of the cup.



Extra-Curricular Activity

But it's not all just rugby, rugby, rugby. Sometimes the lads will go out en masse to somewhere like the Stillorgan Bowl. There they are joined by the stupidest females in Dublin and spend most of the time trying to start fights with people from other rugby schools until they get chased off by a few kids in tracksuits. Driving around the suburbs in their 'jammers' and hanging out in posh shopping centres is another exciting weekend activity which the rugger boys like to pursue.

Media Coverage

In order to avoid a revolt from their middle class readers, the Irish Times and Indo are forced to devote huge amounts of space to the exploits of these young rugby heroes.

Most reporters can't be arsed turning up for the dreadful matches themselves, so they just get someone who was at the game to furnish them with a copy of the programme and a rough account of what happened. This info is usually provided by a willing parent whose son was probably substituted after 5 minutes but suddenly finds himself feted in the press as the team's star performer.

One of the exceptions to this pattern is the Irish Independent's Tony Ward, who seems to take quite an erotic interest in rugby players in general and Senior Cup schoolboys in particular.

What the future holds ...

When the glory and excitement of the senior cup ends in March, most of its participants suddenly realise that three years of non-stop training and steroids abuse has left them in very poor shape for the upcoming Leaving Cert. This unhappy situation is normally addressed by a firm talking-to from daddy, who quietly enrolls his young SCT star in a made-up business college with three initial letters instead of a name, and a sympathetic attitude towards students who have difficulty with the basics of long division. Once this hard-earned degree has been bought, it's straight into a lifetime of golf outings, old boys' dinners, and campaigns to get rid of unpleasant things like income tax and the minimum wage. The good life in other words.

Tabloid Watch

LAST MONTH the tabloids were graced by the presence of Irish writer Ulick O'Connor, who descended from whatever cloud he lives on to denounce Eminem in the Evening Herald.

With the launch of 8 Mile in Ireland, the Herald tried to make themselves look clever by getting some kind of intellectual in to analyse Eminem's lyrics. Unfortunately, they hired O'Connor - a fake poet and professional bullshitter - to do the job, and it backfired badly when he produced one of the worst pieces of Irish journalism ever written.

Having listened to one of Eminem's songs, Ulick concludes that the Gaelic poets of old could teach this young man a thing or two about rhyming. "If Eminem," he tells us grandly, "had a read for instance of David O'Bruadair's poem (1625-1698) he might have learned a few tips on how to attack with words." When you think about it, it's amazing that none of Mathers' many critics have ever spotted this obvious Achilles heel before.

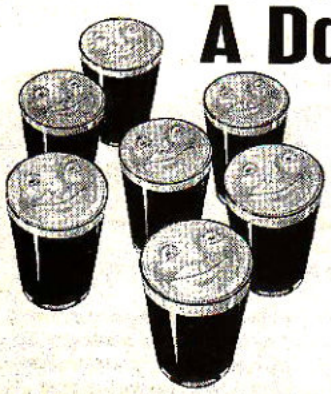
Elsewhere, O'Connor pompously advises Eminem that "flinging rhymes at one another...is not going to provide a voice for the disenfranchised, the sort provided by Brendan Behan, Sean O'Casey or Berthold Brecht." The article rambles on, quoting freely from peasant poets who rhyme about the innkeeper that sold them a lame cow, and other exciting matters.

And just to prove that his brain is entirely liquidised, Ulick lobbed in an utterly shit attempt at wordplay towards the end, to the effect that "M&M sweets are all the same boring size and it's not much different with Eminem's verse".

That's it Ulick - now back to the nursing home with you.

- Forward of the month -

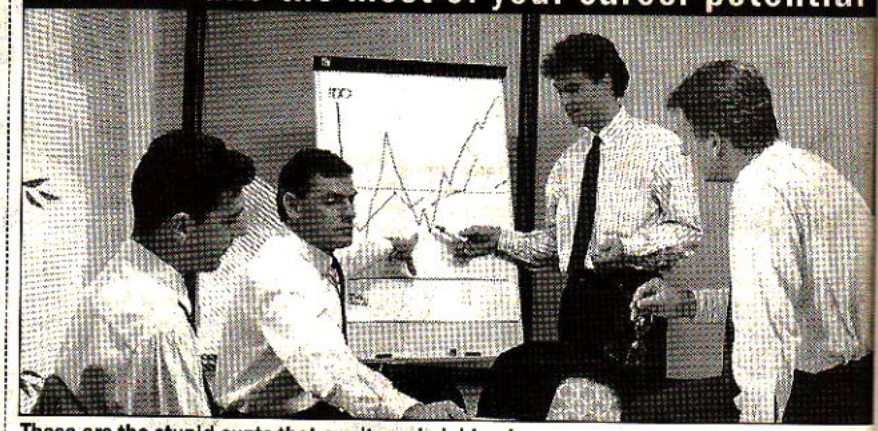
A Guinness A Day



Makes You Fat And Turns Your Shit Brown

- Email forwards@theslate.ie and we'll send this to you -

How to make the most of your career potential



These are the stupid cunts that await you in jobland

Lesson 1: Nail that Interview

REFUSING TO sell out and get a job is all very well in theory. But in practice greed, envy and guilt will get the better of even the most unambitious person. Low-skill, poorly paid jobs like being a runner in a 24 hour petrol station or baby-sitting your paraplegic aunt's dog generally don't do the trick when money is a serious objective. Usually some kind of 'real' job with a suitably pompous title is necessary with the added bonus of having to wear a naff suit.

Unfortunately, as if having to downgrade your lifestyle like this isn't bad enough, employers make the whole package even less attractive by insisting on carrying out humiliating interviews which make walking the length of the Great Wall of China with a piece of glass inside your shoe seem like good fun.

These entirely surreal experiences only serve to highlight how grossly unnatural working is. Parts of your brain which have been paralysed by long hours of playing computer games, smoking hash and watching Fair City will suddenly be in the spotlight as some nob in a tie and a moustache picks through your lie-filled CV like a rat in a rubbish bin.

Any Slate readers who are foolish or desperate enough to want to perform at an interview must thus be prepared in order to avoid embarrassment at the hands of some shithead. Read this inspiring guide from the only magazine that gets real results.

Questions

You will be asked all kinds of foolish and apparently pointless questions by your interviewer. The sole purpose of most of them will be to establish how much boredom, misery and harassment you can endure - these are important qualities for most jobs. So, as long as you talk away and try not to look like you're coming down off crack, you should be in like a hot snot.

Being yourself

Many so-called interview techniques are based around the maxim: "Relax, be yourself and enjoy the interview". This is in fact the worst thing you can do. Unless you intend being the next Mother Teresa (an especially unprofitable existence which involves picking carcasses up off the side of the road and being on the cover of The Far East magazine at least once a month) deceit and exaggeration is the way forward.

Body Language

This is a crucial part of whether you will succeed or fail. You might be talking the talk but your body language could be telling your potential boss that you like groping cattle in your spare time. It is important thus to be physically at ease. Feel free to cross your legs, massage your shoulders and neck and get up and stretch during the conversation. Even ask your interviewer for a new chair if you're not happy with the one you have

Non-profit nonsense

Salary Details

Don't be the one to bring up the subject. If the interviewer does, then lie and emphasize that money is not your main objective in your job, stressing that you are more interested in a career, training and prospects.

Build up a rapport

One key to success is to build a rapport with your interviewer. Employ a confident manner as you walk into the room and perhaps compliment any females present on the size of their breasts.

Ending the Interview

Always thank the interviewer for their time, shake their hand and if you are really interested, ask them how much their salary is and tell them you'll be earning double that in six months. You will impress them with this simultaneous display of tact and self-belief.

Moany Planet Slanders BAC

Dublin's Lord Mayor (left) makes a rare public appearance

Dublin's shit tourist industry took a hit last month when a scandalous guide book dared to point out that we live in a city full of racist assholes

The Bord Failte Welcoming Committee

THERE WAS outrage recently when a well-known travel guide accurately described Dublin as a violent shithole, jammed with drunken bigots who enjoy brawling on the street, shouting racist slurs at any black people they see and generally giving 50s Alabama a run for its money.

The Lonely Planet describes a night out in Dublin thus: "There is no better recipe for a fight than when hundreds of drunken youths stumble out of pubs and clubs at the same time". Although they disappointingly failed to mention the rivulets of piss and vomit which flood our drains weekly, or the homicidal taxi drivers doing their best to kill pedestrians who stray onto the road, anybody who's been on Dame St. on a weekend night would have to agree with this analysis.

"An overwhelming majority of blacks in Dublin have experienced some kind of racial harassment," the book states, further sticking the knife into the notion of Dublin as some kind of charming, harmless place full of leprechauns and poets.

These well aimed revelations greatly upset the Irish News of the World, who described the claims as "shock slurs", and slammed them for giving the "impression that Ireland is a hive of racism and rowdyism".

Panicking tourism bosses were at hand with some hasty diversionary tactics and a few barefaced lies to try to play down the whole thing in case their multi-million euro business was subjected to any harm. "We don't believe that this (racism) is a serious problem as compared to other countries," said some spin doctor from the Department of Tourism.

However, even a Fianna Fail TD was forced to tell the truth when asked about the Lonely Planet's description of BAC.

"Unfortunately I feel that this book may be portraying the real, modern Ireland, warts-and-all," said Tallaght TD Conor Lenihan.

MEDIA WATCH: 2 New Mags Attack

The Yanks and D4 Bitchnez have invaded Dublin in an exciting time for the publishing industry

A COUPLE of unsuitable publications have sneaked into Dublin under cover of Christmas. The first of these is The Ballsbridge and Donnybrook Times. It is heartening to see this deprived community, filled with chief executives, rugby players and BMWs, at last getting the boost it needs. The bi-monthly glossy journal is given out free - because obviously nobody living in this area can afford such luxuries - but Satan only knows what'll be contained in it. However, leaked information obtained by the Slate indicated that there will be a Toyota Corolla Hall of Shame, a tramp-alert column, coverage of Mount Anville school hockey matches, and pictures of nice houses and the ugly women that live in them.

The other great news is the advent of a crude yankee import called Vice. It appears that about twenty copies of this excuse for a magazine will be littering the city every month - bad news for roadsweeps, but even worse news for anybody who ends up reading it. Distributed free - because almost certainly nobody would buy it - if ever there was proof that the yanks are a mindless race of turds, this is it. Vice is roughly equivalent to a US version of Loaded, and seems to be staffed by clever lads who specialise in asserting that anything they don't like is 'totally gay' ad nauseam. Their first issue was filled with references to their UK launch, but even though the rag is distributed in Dublin, of course there was no mention of us unworthy paddies.

The shit logo of yankee rag Vice magazine

SPAZ GUIDE TO . . .
THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY

ANOTHER RIDICULOUS INVENTION FROM THE POWERS THAT BE

Freeloading Paul McGuinness

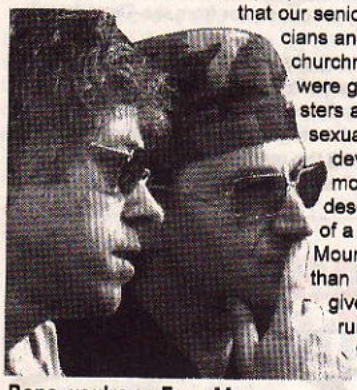
NOWADAYS, the Freedom of Dublin is a completely worthless honour that is only there to give our useless Lord Mayor a chance to have his photo taken with some bemused celebrity.

Like many traditions, though, this one started out as more than just an excuse for a piss-up. Hundreds of years ago, when most people were considered the personal property of their feudal overlords, the position came with some quite attractive perks. These included being allowed to vote, the right to a trial by jury and the entitlement to graze sheep on Stephen's Green.

Then, in 1876, the benefits changed a bit, and an Act of Parliament decreed that the honour would be bestowed on the basis of "a notable contribution to the life and work of the city". This was for some reason interpreted to exclude everyone except Catholic bishops and Home Rule MPs with stupid moustaches.

After independence, things opened up slightly, and sure-fire ways of securing the credit included donating extravagant amounts of valuables to the city (Sir Hugh Lane, Sir Alfred Chester Beatty) or letting most of the Free State government shag your wife (Sir John Lavery.)

In more recent years, as people realised that our senior politicians and churchmen were gangsters and sexual deviants, more deserving of a spell in Mountjoy than being given the run of the city, this pattern has changed. Now, your best bet would be either to turn up like a bad penny in the pantomime every year (Maureen Potter), win a boring bike race in which everybody seems to be a drug cheat (Stephen Roche) or be a random foreign bigshot on holiday here (the Pope, the Crown Prince and Princess of Japan, Mikhail Gorbachev).



Bono, you're so Free, Man.

In the 1980s, despite being a freeman of every two-horse town from here to Timbuktu, Bob Geldof was denied the freedom of his home city on the grounds that he was young and might yet do something to embarrass the City Council. His recent album Sex, Age & Death has certainly vindicated this decision. But just when it appeared that the county councilors were learning some good taste they went and inducted those gobshites U2 and (for no apparent reason) their manager Paul McGuinness.

Clearly something needs to be done to revive this boring institution. At the moment the only reward is that flags are flown at half-mast when you die. This is fuck all incentive to anyone. The Slate believes that if more up-to-date benefits - such as the rights to run red lights, have parties in Leinster House, or play for the national soccer team whenever you feel like it - were included, the prize would be a lot more keenly contested and truer to its bloody, backstabbing roots.

Kiddi

Spot the paedo scum before the get your young

ONCE IT was easy to protect our children from the menace of paedophiles. Their sca by hands and inverted collars would make them as conspicuous as the lepers of biblic times. But we live in a more sophisticated, deceptive age.

Now, with children's favourite Mathew Kel and rock legends like Pete Townsend, as w as our own Tim Allen and god knows who else being implicated in such crimes, it is becoming harder to pinpoint potential threa

The bad news - unless you are a vendor confectionary or Barney costumes - is that paedophilia is here to stay. It is our respons bility to remain vigilant against it at all times Even in the absence of hard facts, we must expose these wicked perverts and keep the away from the children they crave. What fo lows is a brief list of telltale traits that might help you, the concerned adult, to identify th new breed of kiddie fiddler.

1. Greased-back Hair

The typical offender hates to have his ha anywhere near his face. He will always wear it back in a slick, greasy style - the sort of style sported by disc jockey Gerr Ryan for example. Often he will tie it bac into a ponytail, a particular favourite of young children everywhere. As a rule of thumb, no such individuals should ever be allowed within a mile radius of a birth day cake with any less than eighteen can dles on it.

2. Joined Eybrows

This is the one feature that all paedophiles share. Their eyebrows meet above the brid of the nose, creating a 'monobrow' like Oas front man Liam Gallagher has, as well as disc jockey Gerry Ryan. Legislation is being drawn up to ensure that all singly browed men are added to the sex offender's registe by default, but the wheels of justice turn slowly. Chillingly, until this measure is put in place, these men can move about with impunity.

THE YOUNG CUNTS CLUB

OLD COLONIAL GAFF TAKEN OVER BY DYNAMIC ASSHOLES

The next time you pass Number 8, St Stephen's Green, have a piss in the letterbox. This Georgian building used to house the incontinent colonels of the Hibernian United Service Club. And now it has fallen into the hands of an even worse group of people.

Morrison Hotel owner Hugh O'Regan and a consortium of his dynamic young friends are planning to overhaul the club's fuddy duddy atmosphere and turn it into a great business environment full of guys in suits swapping shit ideas.

Horrible Hugh O'Regan

Lucky members will get to pay a grand a year to hang out here. But they will also get reciprocal membership of some fine old Imperial establishments, like the East India Club in London, and the Mombassa Club of Mombassa, Kenya. And two seconds listening to what these prici have to say confirms t initial impression of s sweaty little colonials panting and trotting along at the heels of t finance big boys in London and New Yor "Lunch is for wimps," says one founder, with cutting edge quote fro the 1985 movie Wall Street. "There'll be la tops but no lapdancer

Fiddlers Out

SNAKE IN THE GRASS: Jonathan King doesn't look like a proper paedophile

The Family Rag NEWS OF THE MORONS

3. Dirty Anoraks

The one thing a paedophile loves even more than children is his anorak, but he abhors cleaning it. After several months, a layer of filth as thick as lemon curd builds up over it. The fishy, cheesy smell this produces should alert us all that we are in the presence of a monster.

4. Generous With Sweets

Most of us allow our children sweets only as a treat or, if they are fat, not at all. The paedophile is quite different: he will ply a child with all sorts of goodies. The pockets of his anorak bulge with lollipops, fat frogs and Kinder Surprises. As a result of this, his movements produce a peculiar rustling sound - an alarm bell for the concerned parent. From an early age, children should be taught never to accept such treats from a stranger.

5. Bottles of Smirnoff Ice

This dangerous fizzy drink is the accessory of choice for all sex beasts. They will ensnare your child with its shiny toy-like packaging and sickly sweet taste. Then before you know it, little Alan or Janet will be rolling around drunk on the floor in a state of undress, with who knows what about to happen. Always remember - anyone with a bottle of Smirnoff Ice is not to be trusted.

If you know any man who fits this bill, don't bother to inform the police - they're useless. Even if they do bother to go off and investigate, all too often the pervert will turn out to be in show business or a disc jockey. Invariably these people have a lot of money, more than enough to bribe even the greediest of policemen. A better course of action is to call around to these people late at night, with a group of like-minded individuals. A broken window and a few hastily-sprayed slogans will drive the message home: paedophilia will not be tolerated in our communities.

● PROTECTING YOUR FAMILY - TIP FOR THE DAY Paedophilia is a sickness, but unlike flu or lumbago, it cannot be cured. It is difficult to have sympathy for these monsters, so why bother? Psychologist Anna G Tardis agrees: "It is easy for us to buy into the romantic myth of the paedophile, imagining him as a 'lovable rogue' type figure, who's capering gets him into lots of scrapes and fun adventures. This typical comic book paedophile is totally removed from his real-life counterpart. There is nothing jolly or entertaining about child abuse. Many abusers are also Satanists and cannibals, who are incapable of love or joy. Indeed they are not even 'human' in any sense of the word as we use it. In every case eradication is better than cure."

---

quips another, giving an insight into the level of conversation that will dazzle visitors to this exclusive venue.

Perhaps foreseeing problems in this area, the group has planned a gym, and hopes to attract health-conscious yuppies by abandoning the heavy steak and potatoes diners of the Hibernian era in favour of a new lettuce and latte 'dynamic business breakfast' culture.

With any luck this obnoxious project will be as successful as that other O'Regan venture, Pravda, which stands forlornly by the banks of the river as lonely and silent as the mass grave outside a Siberian gulag.

Twilo Ghost scared off by unholy Spirit

By some massive stroke of good fortune, the owners of Dublin's Spirit nightclub have managed to purchase the legendary Twilo club in New York. This place is known worldwide as one of dance music's nerve centres, and why the Abbey St. merchants of muck were allowed take it over is a complete mystery. However, they claim they have, and are making all sorts of bombastic statements about a grand opening on June 21st (the summer solstice). Here is a little bit of background on the famous venue

Located at the edge of the posh Chelsea district of Manhattan, Twilo took over the vacant Sound Factory warehouse and opened its doors in 1995. With its huge capacity, a sound-system widely considered the world's finest and a poxy policy of only booking foreign Superstar DJs, it soon began wiping the floor with the opposition. So why, then, is it empty now and available for the Spirit monkeys to buy?

In the fine tradition of all the best dance-clubs, madouvit punters regularly collapsed in Twilo and this wasn't too popular in the New York of legendary killjoy Mayor Rudi Giuliani. To avoid unwanted attention, club management sensitively ordered security staff to throw unconscious clubbers into a back room until they recovered. Those that couldn't be revived were dumped at a local hospital in private ambulances hired by the club, handily avoiding the 911 system and the NYPD.

But the shit finally hit the fan in 2000 when a medical student died in the club. Then, in October of that year, Emergency Services responding to a 911 call from within the club were denied entry by doorstaff who told them there was "no situation at the club, no patients here." Eventually they

Fans grieve after Twilo closes down. Imagine how pissed off they'll be when it re-opens

forced their way in and found three unconscious people in a back room. This lead to lawsuits and tabloid outrage. The writing was on the wall when the deputy mayor spoke of "paralyzing. . . these buckets of blood."

The City finally had Twilo shut down in May 2001 and it was soon followed by New York's two other huge clubs - the Limelight and the Tunnel. Now, in their place, lucky Manhattanites can look forward to experiencing Spirit's particularly naff take on the superclub theme.

Know Your

The Concerned Landlords Association has made this new lease available to readers of The Slate - so that everyone knows where they stand

Parties

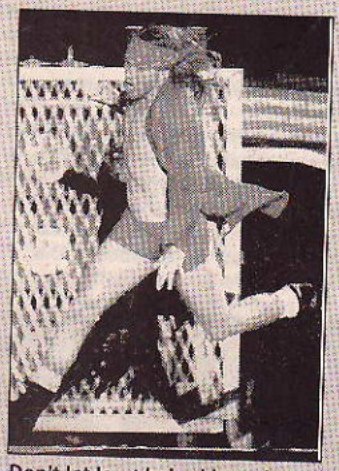
It is a well-known fact that young people are fond of parties and they are entitled to this source of enjoyment. A few measures should be taken to prevent unnecessary damage to the premises:

- The landlord and a group of his friends will call around to keep an eye on things during the party.

- These responsible adults will take charge of all drink that is brought to the party and will distribute it throughout the night in safe and appropriate rations. If the landlord has a few drinks himself and is not fit to drive home, one of the flatmates will be good enough to let him sleep in their bed.

- The landlord will also be the DJ for the evening, so that he can choose music which does not incite people to mischief-making or aggressive carry-on

- Nobody with long hair will be allowed into the party



Don't let long-haired louts in tight shorts into your party

Kitchen

- The kitchen must be left spic and span at all times. The landlord is entitled to inspect it whenever he feels like it to make sure that everything is in order.

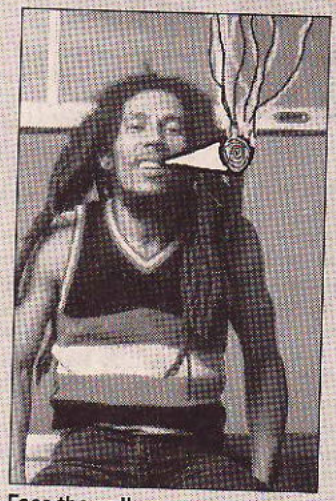
- Tenants will also be required to clean the landlord's kitchen if his wife is not feeling up to it.

- Any appliances purchased by tenants during their stay on the premises must be left behind when they move out.

Furnished Flat

It is important that a clear definition of this phrase is set down so that nobody feels they are being hard done by. A fully furnished flat will include:

- Hammer, nails and enough timber to build either a table or a bed



Face the wall, young man

- Walls which divide all the rooms from each other, are minimum of 5 cm thick and reach at least halfway to the ceiling

- Shower which is wired up with CCTV cameras to prevent any security mishaps. All footage is copyright of the landlord.

- A stairway, ladder or pile of milk crates if the premises is on more than one story

Bedrooms

The bedroom is of course the personal domain of whichever tenant lives there, and therefore must be treated with appropriate respect

- The law which states that only Bob Marley posters are allowed on the walls will remain in place. However, they must face into the wall from now on, so that you are not distracted from your studies by a picture of some black man taking drugs. A list of house rules will be printed on the back of all these posters so that the room doesn't look too bare.

- The landlord is entitled to move a family of refugees into your spare room at any stage if he is offered enough money by the government

Special Tenant Vox Pop

We hit the streets to see what life under landlords is really like for the youth of today

Spare a thought for poor Fergal (random culchie - DOB unknown), "There were seven of us lads in a bedsit in Harolds Cross, grand little spot. Bitch decides to throw us out for having a puck around with the furniture and shitting on the stairs."

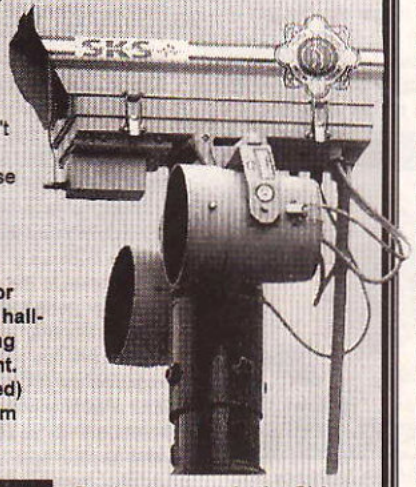
Orla (Student-19) came home to find her landlord masturbating into her underwear drawer. "I was astonished. He had the drawer open at such an angle that he didn't have to use his hands. Luckily, I got away with a quick rape in exchange for him not putting up the rent."

And Michael Graham, 28, who claims he is a former member of a pop group, was mercilessly flung out on the street when he couldn't pay the rent. "I told the landlord there was a big deal around the corner - RTE were interested, so was the Evening Herald. But he wouldn't listen and now I'm sleeping in a skip outside Ronan Keating's

Prime Gaff

Rights

ment. You will of course be allowed to stay on in this buzzing multicultural environment as long as you don't mind your wardrobe being turned into a kitchen for these fortunate co-tenants.



Don't worry - we in the CLA will keep an eye on you

Bicycles

Bicycles are well-known for destroying perfectly good hallways and generally causing damage to the environment. They must be left (unlocked) halfway down the road from your house and only used when it is raining.

Bikes - put them outdoors

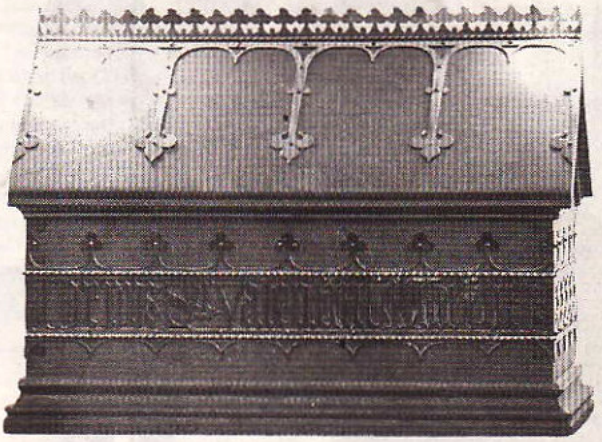
General Guidelines

- It is completely reasonable for the landlord to make flirtatious comments to any female tenants and also to give them a special Christmas groping once a year.

- Any tenants who lock their rooms will be thrown out with half an hour's notice

No funny business please

Valentine's Day - the ugly truth

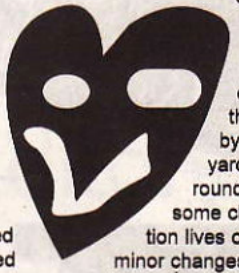


St. Valentine's casket of shame - right here in Dublin

LIKE SO many other festivals, Valentines Day is a combination of religious history, strange beliefs, odd traditions and modern bad taste.

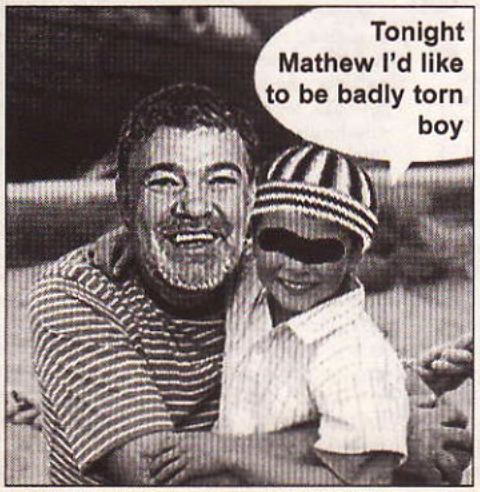
In spite of the fact that nobody goes to mass on Valentine's Day, most people assume that it has some kind of religious background. The reality is that no one even knows which St Valentine originated the holiday. There were between three and seven different martyrs called Valentines from different eras of Christian history. One of the more likely candidates was a priest in the reign of Roman emperor Claudius II. Claudius for some reason decided to ban all weddings but valiant Valentine defied the law by marrying young couples in secret - then got nabbed and had his head lopped off. His remains are kept right here in Dublin, in the Church of the Carmelites on Whitefriar Street. The casket is on view, if you fancy dropping by with a hurley to smash his little container into a million romantic smithereens.

Valentines Day really took off as a holiday back in Chaucer's time, when it was widely believed that birds chose their mates on February 14th. Inspired by these highly organised creatures, people started arranging matches on the same day, and a tradition emerged which set aside Valentines Day as a day for lovers. Girls were supposed to marry the first man they met on the morning in question - a rather unfortunate arrangement which no doubt led to many a maiden contracting temporary blindness as she sauntered past the lecherous quazimodos who had gathered outside her gate. Any naïve ones who allowed themselves to be ensnared were told that they could conjure up their lover's image by going to a graveyard and spinning round and chanting out some claptrap. This tradition lives on today with minor changes - in modern Ireland teenagers drink cider and impregnate each other in graveyards all year round.

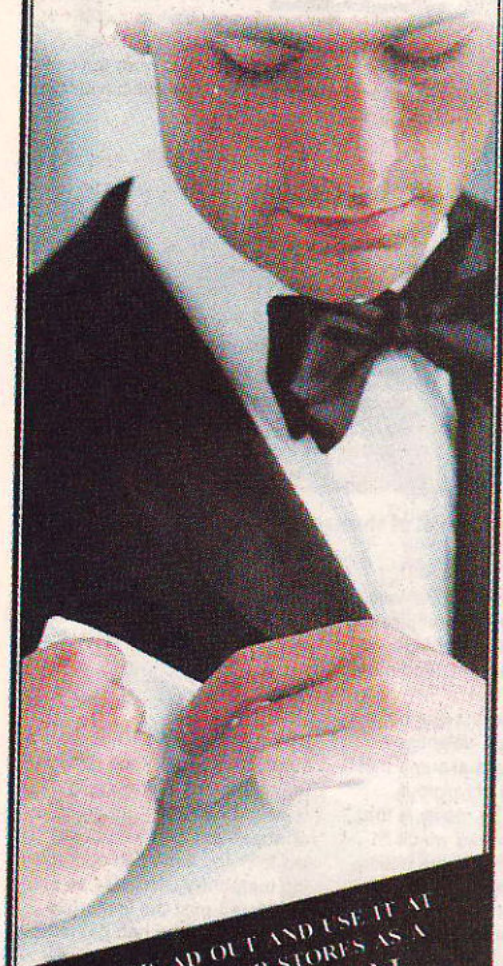


The more unbearable side of Valentines Day really took off when the custom found its way over to America. The simple poems and elegant cards that Europeans sent each other were given that special Yankee touch, and everything to do with the day immediately became grotesque, expensive, embarrassing and completely unromantic. Thank God it is that side of the tradition which lives on to torment all sane individuals today.

Another boring history lesson from The Slate



WELL SUITED



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Temple Ba

A hardcore French film is banned everywhere in Ireland except the IFC

THE NINE minute anal rape scene in Irreversible is so graphic that even the immoral Frogs were fainting and walking out of the cinema when it was shown at Cannes last year.

And, needless to say, the reaction over here so far has been twice as furious. 'Don't go to see this sick rape movie,' was the Mirror's incensed reaction, before they turned their attention to other matters, like who has bigger tits: Jordan or Anna Nicole Smith.

And the Irish censors, who spent the first half of the last century banning everything that wasn't written by the Pope or one of the Twelve Apostles, followed the Mirror's lead and refused to certify Irreversible (pictured opposite).

Some explicit riding in Intimacy

This means that it can't be shown in any normal cinema on Irish soil, but thankfully we have been saved from this Stalinist madness by the trendy pinkos in the IFC. These café society types have slyly set themselves up as a private film club, which means that they can show whatever mad porn and twisted violence they want in their cinema.

Although this 'private club' loophole has no legal status, the IFC get away with it on the dubious grounds that their venue is not open to the public. As anyone who has ever gone there knows, the concept of 'membership' is hazy to say the least. "There are two membership options," explains the IFC's Glen Hogarty, "a yearly and a weekly membership." For a weekly membership, you just drop into the IFC and hand over a nominal fee of €1.30. Annual membership costs €14.

Misleading Reading

A vile website has been leading simple Irish people astray

The tools of evil

WEBSURFERS, IF you are searching for information on the exciting Irish town of Castlebar in Co Mayo, be warned - you may get a nasty shock. The address you want is www.castlebar.ie, but one simple slip of the keyboard and you could end up at www.castlebar.com. This URL will bring you to Damion's Dungeon - an establishment where morals are in short supply and punters go to be beaten and whipped by loose women in leather dresses.

This connection was a source of great concern to the community leaders who run Castlebar Chamber of Commerce. As soon as they found out about it, they started up a heated correspondence with Damion, the wicked wench who runs the San Francisco cesspit. The CCC explained that they were not happy for rich white ex-pats and potential tourists, logging onto the site hoping for information on one of the world's most uninteresting towns, to be greeted instead with fat naked men locked in cages with pickled oranges stuffed in their mouths.

And fair play to them - this group of culchies got their way and had the Californian centre of immoderation shut down. Now, if you go to castlebar.com, all you will find is a variety of torture items up for sale - presumably the same ones that were used by these dominatrixes to inflict sick pleasure on their perverted customers.

Happily, there is also a link on the page to redirect normal decent people to the real Castlebar website, and soon the whole thing will be over. "We wish Damion well in whatever pursuit she now engages herself in," said the Chamber of Commerce, no doubt lying through their teeth.

r ' Trash Club

Quick. Call the priests

This private members arrangement means that the IFC doesn't need a censor's certificate to show their films. Which is handy enough, seeing as the fucking censor cunts actually charge you to get a release certified. "There is a once off fee paid to the censor by the distributor at a rate per foot of print," says Hogarty. "I'm not sure how much the rate is, but a 90 minute film, as far as I know, would cost around €2000 in censor's fees." As Hogarty says: "that's fine if you're a mainstream distributor with a big-budget film that will be shown in maybe 70 cinemas nationwide." But considering the fact that only about 10 people in Ireland want to see most of the bizarre and obscure films the IFC show, getting one of these certs for every movie would quickly lead to financial ruin. The members option, therefore, kills two birds with one stone, and has lead to the cinema showing some fairly controversial films down through the years.

One thing which should be pointed out is that the IFC's attitude towards censorship is not entirely consistent, as we in The Slate learned when they banned us from the premises last February. The cunts still haven't let us back in either.

Some controversial films the IFC have gotten away with:

Baise-Moi - translation: 'fuck me'. Tells the story of two girls who go around France screwing and killing anything that moves.

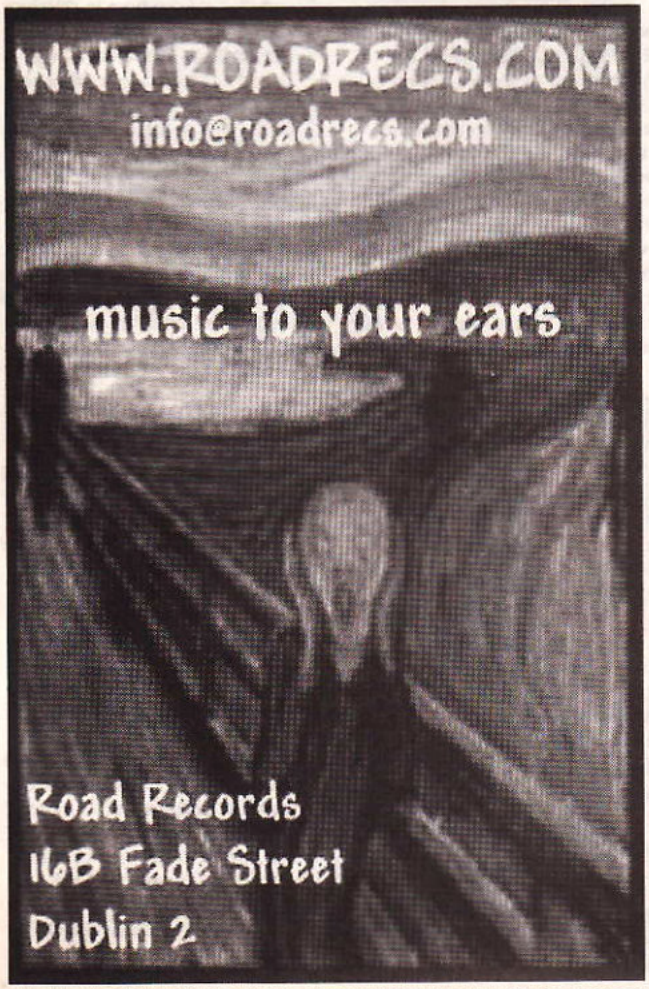
Natural Born Killers - Another racy road movie. Juliet Lewis and Woody Harrelson in Bonnie and Clyde style madness.

Crash - Film about people with a strange fetish for roadkill. Lots of perverts sticking their dicks into car crash wounds.

Intimacy - Your woman from Shallow Grave gets boned a lot. Real blowjob scene.

Clockwork Orange - Old-style shocker. Just a bit of violence that you'd get in a typical episode of Emmerdale nowadays.

Romance - Includes genuine anal sex scene featuring well hung porn star Rocco Siffredi...



Write for us

Mail Editor@ theslate.ie

for more details

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Live Music

LOW
FRI 31 JANUARY
AMBASSADOR **€24.50**

Mormonism, like heroin addiction or paranoid schizophrenia, is the kind of semi exotic gimmick that high brow music fans are often unwittingly drawn to. Not that there is anything insincere about Alan Sparhawk and Mimi Parker's religious beliefs - just that Mormons have something of a chequered history in pop. Low first came to prominence with 1999's unnervingly deadpan Christmas mini-album (from which came the version of Little Drummer Boy used in a GAP ad campaign) before enthralling us with last years Things We Lost In The Fire. The one characteristic of their's that cannot be overstated is a tendency to play it quiet and slooow. Imagine the Velvet's Stephanie Says teased out so slowly that every lyrical and tonal shift seems to take an age. Patience is both required and rewarded.

RONAN O'SNODAIGH (KILA)
SAT 01 FEBRUARY
WHELANS **€10**

Kila's mad lead singer has released a solo album entitled Tip Toe and is doing a few solo gigs to promote it. While it might be reasonable to fear that O'Snodaigh, given the freedom to follow his whims might descend into pure crusty madness, what he has come up with is a real gem of an album. In contrast to his band's full-on approach, he's is a little more reflective on his own, bringing to mind a young John Martyn circa Solid Air. With an array of gifted backing musicians at his disposal (including a fiddle and trumpet player) he and the band pluck some fantastic melodies out of the bag. Lyrically, while there are plenty of outdoor metaphors going on, he nonetheless keeps it simple and the overall result is extremely effective and heartfelt. Check out the Boer Ballad for songwriting that pisses all over anything that you'll read about in the NME. Live, Kila are almost unparalleled for energy and charisma and O'Snodaigh is at the centre of their show, so it's a safe bet that he'll put in a great performance. Right now, O'Snodaigh is showing himself to be a musician and singer of genuine talent and depth, so anybody who misses this show is a gobshite.

IDLEWILD
SAT 01 FEBRUARY
AMBASSADOR **€22.55**

2002 was a very good year for Idlewild. After years as In Utero-obsessed garage-punk also-rans, their third album The Remote Part saw them switch to a mid-80s REM type sound and unexpectedly seize the mantle of Scotland's premier indie rock act. They even did a cover of Teenage Fanclub's Everything Flows to mark the transition. The band have added a new member to the line-up since they supported Coldplay here in October. Turn's Gavin Fox has replaced bassist Bob Fairfoull who was kicked out following a major row. Ahead of his live debut with the band - and in the manner of Luis Figo contemplating a return to the Nou Camp - the Dubliner is quoted as saying "I'm sure there will be a few diehard [Turn] fans who might have a bit of resentment towards me... [The Ambassador gig] is going to be a tough one." He of all people should know that Turn don't have any fans.

MAEL MÓRDHA
SUN 02 FEBRUARY
EAMONN DORANS **€7**

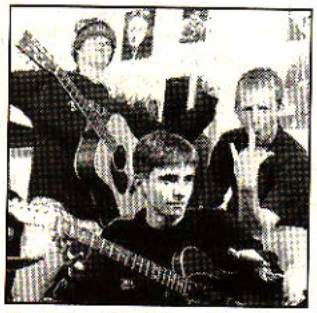
We haven't the slightest clue what these lads are like, but they sound interesting so we advise you to head down to Doran's and spend your money on them. What they're offering is doom metal crossed with traditional Irish music, alongside a singer who paints himself blue and roars a lot. This may sound uninviting at first glance but it's a break from the usual predictable crap that pollutes Dublin most of the time. For anybody still reading, they're embarking on a tour around the country and are releasing an EP called Caoineadh na nGael. Check out www.maelmordha.com for more info.

SUM 41
TUES 04 FEBRUARY
POINT €29, €30, €31

A&R men get a shitload of abuse, practically all of it well deserved. But you've got to sympathize with anyone whose job description includes having to stay up to speed with whether boob gags, fart gags, jock rock, cock rock, stoner rock, skate-punk or nu-metal is the order of the day in the highly competitive juvenile rock market. With shelf lives even shorter than that of the average boy band, cartoon punk-metal acts like the Offspring, Limp Bizkit, the Bloodhound Gang, Linkin Park and Blink 182 have each only enjoyed a brief moment of infamy before being quickly superceded by a newer model. And, again like boybands, a teen pop-rock act on that scale who are no longer phenomenally successful is about as useful as a condom machine in the Vatican.

Hailing from Ajax, Ontario, Sum 41 were still in their late teens when they were signed by Island Records in 1999. The label immediately suggested the band's two guitatists Derick Whibley and Dave Baksh take rapping lessons (rapping had not previously been part of their repetoire.) Tellingly the band acquiesced without complaint. They hit the big time in 2001with All Killer, No Filler (a title as wantonly deceitful as J-Lo's Jenny from the Block), and the release of Does This Look Infected? late last year seemed to mark the moment where they reached the top of the pile. Despite their youth and confidence though the band already seem aware of their imminent obselesence - the video for Still Waiting sees them cast a nervous glance over at their shoulder at the Strokes who, in fairness, sell only a fraction of what The Sums do and to a completely different market. This is Sum 41's first visit to Ireland and it may (fingers crossed) be their last.

Even less than the Sum of their parts



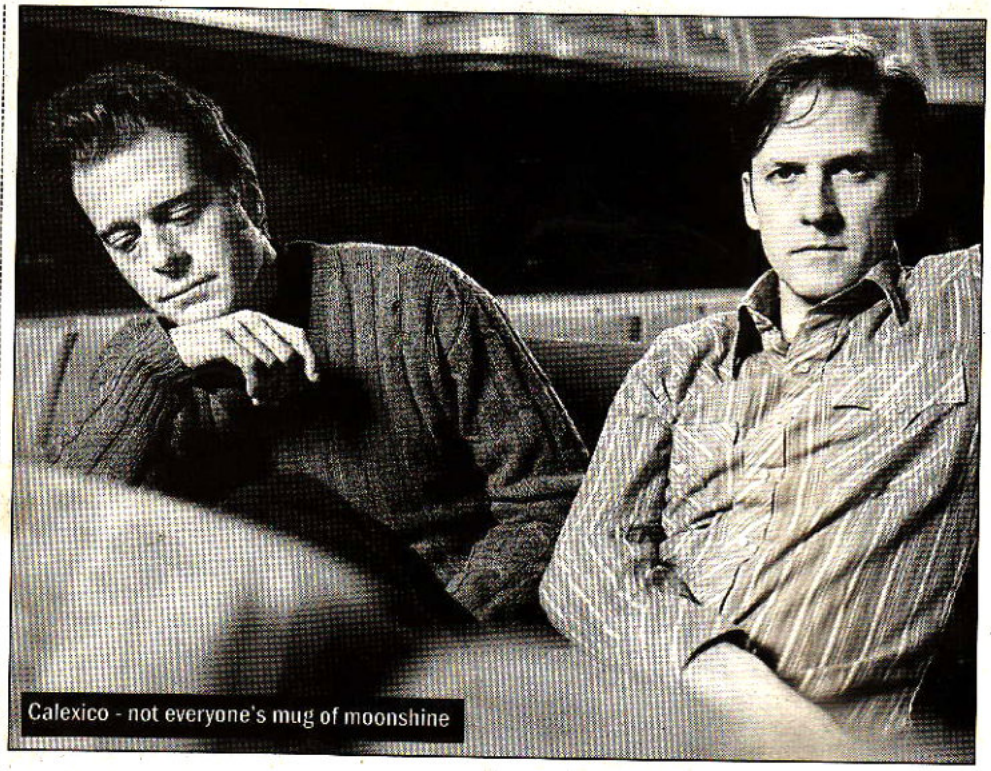
The little horrors from The Coral

THE CORAL
SUN 02 FEBRUARY
AMBASSADOR **€21.50**

The Coral are one of a gaggle of young groups who emerged from ugly English housing estates recently with music that reeks of such undesirable influences as Tolkien, Captain Beefheart and cheap weed. Like The Music and The Crescent, The Coral may qualify for inclusion in MTV's 'Bands Beginning With The...' series but they have very little in common with the hip garage groups that dominate that scene. The Scousers' music is an eccentric ragbag of psychedelia, funk, archaic English, weird chanting and even jazz - all of which is routinely attributed to Liverpool's sea-faring tradition or some such bullshit. Their debut album - produced by Ian Broudie - earned them a Mercury nomination and they've promised to deliver a follow-up this April. Perhaps that will make up some of the ground they've lost recently to The Music who, despite being even uglier, have earned massive exposure supporting The Vines in America.

JOHN MAYER
MON 03 FEBRUARY
WHELANS **€16.50**

Billed predictably as 'America's answer to David Gray' ('Sting unplugged' would have been closer to the mark), John Mayer is a young singer-songwriter from Connecticut who was voted one of Rolling Stone magazine's Heroes Of 2002. His first album, Room For Squares, has gone platinum in the States and he has even acquired every self respecting country-rock troubadours current accessory of choice - the devoted patronage of Elton John. If the relentless good vibes of songs like Your Body Is A Wonderland and St Patrick's Day get too much for you (and they will), it's worth

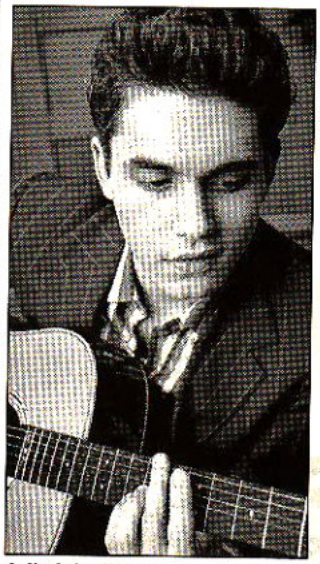


Calexico - not everyone's mug of moonshine

requesting his version of the title track from Kid A - not a song that lends itself to lickarse acoustic covers you might think, but he has played it in the past and it wasn't that bad.

FEEDER
SAT 08 FEBRUARY **SOLD OUT**
AMBASSADOR **€26.20**

If Feeder's treatment at the hands of the music press has been lenient lately, it is probably down to the suicide of their drummer Jon Lee in January 2002. The band had been together for eight years and enjoyed only one top ten single (Buck Rogers) before Lee's death, but decided to soldier on. Emboldened by a successful live return at the Reading festival, they released their fourth album Comfort In Sound in October to widespread publicity and sympathetic reviews. However laudable the media's motivation is in portraying Feeder as some sort of second rate indie rock act though, it does a great injustice to bands like Supergrass and Muse who have actually earned that billing. The Welsh trio are in fact far more of a third rate Student Union Battle Of The Bands-type outfit. And with the even less hotly-tipped InMe in support this has all the makings of a fourth rate night out.



Jolly John Mayer

CALEXICO
SAT 08 - SUN 09 FEBRUARY
WHELANS **€24.50**

Not everyone's mug of moonshine, Calexico plug a semi tongue-in-cheek brand of tex-mex country rock that was all the rage about two years ago. Live, they are a mix of spaghetti western guitars, Mexican horns and a bunch of songs about goldmines, mysterious strangers and evil women. For a so-called country band though, the lack of Stetsons and people who have ever seen a cow at their gigs tend to ruin the atmosphere somewhat. If you want a true country experience be sure to check out Tom Finnley and his Cool Breezers when they next play Oldcastle town hall, Co Westmeath.

SOLOMON BURKE
SUN 09 FEBRUARY
VICAR ST **€35.00**

While being the owner of a gelatinous 300-pound frame may be a prerequisite if you have ambitions to be a soul singer, heading your own Evangelical church isn't always a necessity. However, that's what you get with Solomon Burke - a sixty-two year old soul maestro, and spiritual leader of The House of God For All People (sometimes known as Solomon's Temple) which commands a congregation of forty thousand throughout the US. Not the kind of figure you would expect to produce one of the best albums of last year, but Don't Give Up on Me has been highly praised by critics, atheists and agnostics alike. On it, the chunky cardinal interprets song written by skinny white boys like Tom Waits, Bob Dylan and Brian Wilson. It will be interesting to see whether the stage will be properly prepared for a man of such proportions, or whether he will be wheeled in on a forklift.

MARTIN GRECH
MON 10 - TUE 11 FEBRUARY
WHELANS €14.70

Whenever young talent rears its ugly head the Slate will be there to kick it in the teeth. Nonetheless it was nice of Martin Grech to bind and gag himself and leave written directions to his pressure points. The teenager's debut album Open Heart Zoo has been hailed by such authorities as Kerrang and The Observer for its eclectic blend of Jeff Buckley and Radiohead. But in fact he sounds more like a juvenile contestant on Matthew Kelly's Stars In Their Eyes, albeit without the kind of inappropriate interference by the host that would at least have given the lad something interesting to write about. The sniveling swot is hereby ordered to stay back after class and write "MUST DO DRUGS" a thousand times in his own blood. And, with yet another talentless young whipper snapper jumping above him in the pecking order, support act Nick Kelly (ex-Fat Lady Sings) should be seriously considering getting a proper job.

DEF LEPPARD
TUE 11 FEBRUARY
AMBASSADOR €39.50

Def Leppard are a band that have undergone a quiet but completely unjustified critical re-evaluation of late. Maybe it's a case of time healing old wounds. More likely though, it is that journalists who tolerate shit-for-brains contemporary acts like Sum 41 and The Hives are on some misguided quest for consistency. Either way, there are a growing number of voices now hailing albums like Pyromania and Hysteria as mindless pop classics. And sure there is an ironic laugh to be had at so-bad-they're-almost-good hits like Armageddon It and Lets Get Rocked. The latter (which featured the immortal line "I suppose a rock's out of the question?") was so cluelessly out of touch with what was happening in music the early 90s it could have been recorded in a cave. But there is really no excuse for portraying Def Leppard as anything other than the worst musical atrocity to assault the charts ever. As Roy Keane would say if he wrote gig previews: Joe Elliot & Co. were cunts in 1983, they were cunts in 1993 and they're still cunts today.

BETH GIBBONS & RUSTIN MAN
WED 26 FEBRUARY
AMBASSADOR €25.50

Having made it as a coffee-table musician with Portishead's Dummy, the rest of Beth Gibbon's career has been pretty crap. So expectations were low - bordering on non-existent - ahead of her first solo album Out Of Season. But the project, recorded with Rustin Man (Paul Webb, ex-Talk Talk), has been a surprise success. One magazine, Mojo (who usually concentrate on interviewing dead rock stars), said it was "among the best albums ever made." And if the astonishingly high standard of the album's opening numbers Mysteries and Tom The Model had been sustained throughout, the old-timers wouldn't have been far wrong.

When Portishead first found fame, Geoff Barrow was hailed as a successor to Ennio Morricone and John Barry. Gibbons meanwhile might as well have been some long dead singer whose voice he'd discovered on an old 78 for all the creativity she was credited with. She lives a hermit-like existence working on the farm where she grew up, and even records vocals there in the studio she has built. She doesn't give interviews.

Webb took his pseudonym from the excellent track that closes their album but is in fact the first song they wrote together. It's also the only song that sounds like Portishead. Elsewhere the pair uses the opportunity to explore Nick Drake-esque folk and pay vocal homage to obvious heroines of Gibbons like Billie Halliday and Nina Simone. The album is, as its title suggests, not exactly cutting edge stuff. But if Gibbons live reputation with Portishead is anything to go by this gig is highly recommended.

One of your Beth bets this month

HYPER [BOREA] FEATURING TOM GREEN (THE ORB) AND TONY QUINN
WED 12 FEBRUARY
WHELANS €12

Carrying on the great Horslips tradition of fucking up perfectly cool music with diddly-eye shite, Hyperborea have been busy ruining their own passably ambient dance grooves by sellotaping on a bit of traditional hokum. Albums like Serpentine and Mystura are the perfect soundtrack for the culchie hippy party you wish you'd never gone to. And they won a best dance act award from Hot Press - enough said. Recently Hyperborea have been joined by one of the lesser known members of The Orb, Tom Green - presumably because The Orb weren't crap enough for him (they were trying hard though). Expect floaty ambience, jungly breakbeat and a whole lot of blarney on top. Hyperborea, by the way, was a kind of bogey Irish Atlantis, said to have sunk millions of years ago. More's the pity it didn't take this lot with it.

CHEVAL DE FRISE
THURS 13 FEBRUARY
WHELANS €12.50

This is either an attention-grabbing gig with some avant garde experimentalists, or two pretentious, indulgent French fuckers coming over here to fool a whole load of Irish tossers with their emperors'-new-clothes racket, depending on your point of view. For those in the middle, these lads make spikey, anarchic-sounding instrumental music with weird time signatures. Not afraid to make plenty of noise when the occasion calls, their recorded output consists largely of very short tracks which start and stop with surprising suddenness. If that kind of thing's your bag, this will be well worth checking out. Support from the Redneck Manifesto.

FORTHCOMING GIGS . . .

RJD2	1 Mar	Redbox	€TBC
Anthrax	5 Mar	Ambassador	€25.50 - €27.50
Shane MacGowan & The Popes	14 - 15 Mar	Olympia	€27.50
Lee Perry & Mad Professor	17 Mar	Redbox	€24.50
Jimmy Cliff	19 Mar	Olympia	€29.50 - €30.50
Tracy Chapman	20 - 21 Mar	Olympia	€35.80 - €38.80
James Taylor	22 Mar	Point	€49
Nelly & Eve	23 Mar	Point	€44.50
Tom Jones	14 May	Point	€55.00 - €40
Bruce Springsteen	31 May	RDS	€75.00 - €65
R.E.M.	16 July	Marlay Park	€52.50

CHRIS REA
MON 17 FEBRUARY
THE STADIUM €40 - €45

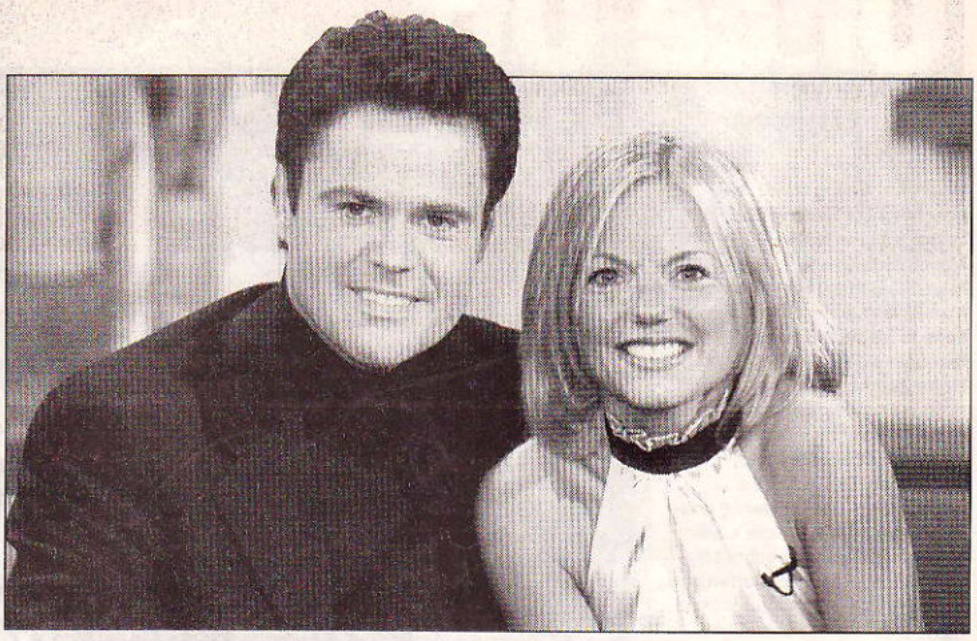
Cancer survivor Chris Rea gets his rehabilitated self back on the road following some successful surgery. Music listeners first diagnosed the chain smoker as a potential cancer victim when the gravelly strains of Fool if You Think it's Over where first heard in the late 70s. The late 80s and early 90s saw Rea's star rise again as his tracheotomy-like voice was heard in the charts with hits like Road to Hell and Auberge. Later in the 90s he tried to revive his commercial fortunes with the cleverly named Road to Hell 2. The public greeted it like the return of a malignant tumour and sales floundered. Rea is currently plugging his latest album Dancing Down the Stoney Road, which deals with his battles against cancer.

TURIN BRAKES
THURS 20 FEBRUARY
AMBASSADOR €24.50 - €26.50

When their turgid Optimist lp came out in 2001, Turin Brakes were mysteriously nominated for the Mercury Prize and enjoyed a brief period of popularity with polo-necked Londoners who thought that 'modern folk pop' was a suitably fashionable thing to be into. But these lads have no talent and no charisma. They don't even have any songs. Just some asshole with a 'distinctive' high-pitched singing voice which quickly takes over the album and makes it impossible to take even remotely seriously. Olly Knight may sing about having syphilis and how "all my friends are junkies but they're still my friends" and the Brakes may have little Jeff Buckley-style moments sprinkled around their music, but they are still the most boring duo you will encounter outside your local croquet club. What else would you expect from a pair of Brits who met when they "decided to try out for the cathedral choir because it would perform in front of the Queen of England."

LEMON JELLY
SAT 22 FEBRUARY
AMBASSADOR €25

Fred Deakin and Nick Franglen are back in Dublin for the first time in a year to delight us with more of their fey downtempo confections. Considering the distinct playfulness to their sound, it's no surprise that Nick Franglen started out writing the music for Sega videogames among other things before hooking up with nobody DJ Fred Deakin in the late 90s. As Lemon Jelly, the two of them released a series of highly sought after (if you're the kind of person who pays wads of cash for complete tat on e-bay) 10" records, each in different baby colours. These can all be got on one CD now - LemonJelly.ky - for next to nothing. The reason we're seeing them in town is their latest single, the rather cute Nice Weather For Ducks. Given the discredited reputation downtempo beats have suffered over the last few years, it's nice to be able to say that Lemon Jelly are the trip-hop band it's reasonably OK to like.



Donny and Geri pose for a photo at the World's Most Fucked Up People Awards

DONNY OSMOND
WED 26 FEBRUARY
POINT €50.00 -€47.00

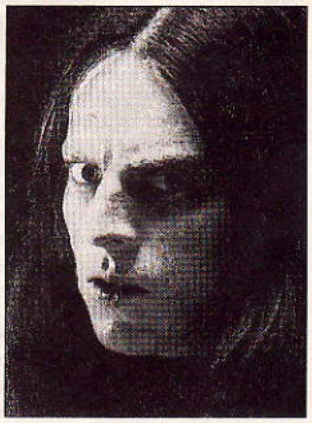
What makes VH1's Behind The Music such compulsive viewing is that no matter who's on, no matter if you've never heard of them, you always know what's going to happen next. Which is why they should never do one on Donny Osmond. His story starts promisingly enough: he was a child star in the 60s and teen idol in the 70s before failing spectacularly on Broadway in the 80s. At which point a coked-up Donny should have wrapped his Porsche around a lampost at 115m.p.h. Instead Osmond, the self-deprecating cunt, took the hit, dusted himself off and continued acting like he shits ice cream cones. In reward for this nauseating sportsmanship, every ten years or so the whole world pretends to enjoy his saccharine ballads and lets him hog the limelight, telling interviewers the same fucking anecdote about how half his audience are Moms there to hear Puppy Love and the other half are their daughters there to hear whatever his latest pitiable excuse for a single is. Electrocution is too good for this cunt.

BOWLING FOR SOUP
THURS 27 FEBRUARY
REDBOX €18

Bowling For Soup became the subject of dozens of "Who The Fuck Are..?" articles last month when it was announced that their single Girl All The Bad Guys Want will go up against Bon Jovi and N'SYNC in the Best Pop Performance By A Duo Or Group category at the Grammys later this month. The Texans are no strangers to Ireland, though, having played here several times - once memorably describing Pat Kenny as "a bit stuffy" on The Den. It is a rare example of understatement from a band better known for their incredibly juvenile music (even by the standards of the pop-punk scene) but probably best known for their enormously overweight guitarist. Support is from Drogheda band The Keds who supported them in the TBMC in October and whose name is hilarious if said in a Louth accent.

SATYRICON
THURS 27 FEBRUARY
TBMC €18

This may seem like the worst time for gigs in Dublin in living memory but any month that has Norwegian black metallers in the Temple Bar Music Centre can't be that bad. The wave of murders and church burnings that marked the first flush of popularity for this genre (seriously!) may now be a fading memory, but its leading lights Satyricon are still going strong (their Volcano album was recently nominated in the Best Metal Album category at the Norwegian Grammies.) Satyricon may have flirted with the mainstream by supporting Pantera a few years back but Satyr and Frost are shockingly fucking serious about what they do. So if you go along for a gawk or a giggle, for the sake of your safety don't make it too obvious.



Satyricon's sexy boy

Once Off Clubbing

TOM STEPHAN
FRIDAY 31 JANUARY
SPIRIT €15

After an excellent show at the Kitchen in February of last year, New York's Tom Stephan (below) then played to a half empty Red Box two months later. Those worried that Stephan was about to take up residency here need not have feared because he hasn't been back since. Having produced for years under names like Tracy and Sharon and Shift, he has cashed in big time over the last year as Superchumbo with filthy remixes of Missy Elliot and Basement Jaxx. Stephan's recent album Leadhead - The Sound of Superchumbo was not as good as the hype (bar the stuttering ecstasy of the single, Irresistible) but on the decks, this man is sure to pull you into an evil vortex of tribal beats and sleazy sex. Support from Spirit residents.

DJ CRAZE & DJ TEEBEE
FRIDAY 31 JANUARY
TBMC €17

If you've ever watched a professional scratcher cutting up the decks, you'll know how impressive it is. If you've ever tried it yourself, you'll know even more. And, after seeing 3-million-times DMC and ITF champion DJ Craze in action, you'll probably want to fuck your decks in the bin and sulk. Seen here at Mono last April, Craze confounded his audience with a deck demolition job that had hardened b-boys crying into their goatees. Amazingly, it also enticed an entire crowd of hard-partying hedonists from the downstairs bar upstairs to dance, of all things. Craze is supported by an excellent bill which features Norway's DJ TeeBee (a lesser known Metalheadz signing), upcoming drum n bass kids Zero Tolerance/Beta 2, and F.O.O.D's Simon F and Tac-Tic rolling the breaks in the bar. The two jungle boys recently shattered Dublin's goldplated reputation for mediocre productions by bringing out Rift, a shockingly good housey rinse-out track which gives the likes of J Magik a run for his money.

FUTURESHOCK
SATURDAY 01 FEBRUARY
SPIRIT €20

English DJ/production duo Futureshock have well and truly worn out their two good ideas over the last year. One was what they called big room progressive, a panoramic edgy house sound that was a refreshing tonic until they drilled the nads out of it by remixing everything in sight. The second was a decks and fx 'live' show which you're now guaranteed someone else is doing in a club down the road. And, unfortunately they're probably doing it better. Keep away

STEVE LAWLER
SATURDAY 01 FEBRUARY
RED BOX €20

After making a promising entrance on the big room stage 18 months ago, tribal house DJ Steve Lawler has worked long and tirelessly to make himself a shit version of Danny Tenaglia. His recent Lights Out CD was an excruciating journey into the banal, monotonous side of trib-o-prog and there is very little to warrant spending €20 on him at the moment.

SCOTT BOND
SATURDAY 01 FEBRUARY
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

Scott Bond has received an awful lot of credit for the way he, as manager of Gatecrasher's club in Sheffield, made them into one of the premier superclubs in the UK. One wonders if he is now taking the blame for the spectacular implosion that has occurred this year. Apparently he's thought of quite highly by the few Gatecrasher regulars left, but how much of this is due to loyalty to the resident of their favourite club is up for debate. Several uninspiring shows at the Temple over the last year or so consisting of shite trance that all sounds about 3 years old could mean one of two things. Either he's a really bad DJ or Irish gigs don't mean very much to him. Whichever it is, don't waste your money.

Scott's pot

DJ FOOD/ STRICTLY KEV
FRIDAY 31 JANUARY
THE BELVEDERE €15

When Island Records had Coldcut by the bollocks in the early 90s, the band weren't allowed release any material under the Coldcut name. So they called themselves DJ Food (as in Food for DJs) instead. In time, after they got their name back, they expanded DJ Food into a Ninja Tunes collective that now includes themselves, Jason Swinscoe, PC, Bundy and this chap Strictly Kev. Along with production partner PC, tonight's guest was heavily involved in the construction of Coldcut's classic Journeys By DJ mix CD, far more than the two of them are ever credited for. Playing the Music Centre in early 1996, just after the CD came out, Kev and PC re-created many of the CDs set pieces live, lending weight to the possibility that the ideas were theirs rather than Coldcut's. This notion may put a dent in the Ninja Tunes reputation for snoozy drip-hop. The fact that you might end up doing a bit of dancing as opposed to sculling back triple Red Bull and Whiskies just to stay awake is at odds with the standard Ninja Tunes experience. Also, the homegrown support is unusual for a (mainly) hip-hop gig, in that there is an emphasis on no-bullshit partying. DJ Manners bashes out a mean line in upfront hip-hop and rnb as evidenced from his regular appearances in Handels on Mondays. Funkmaster Lee is best known for his habit of pulling a mad legger around the stage every time he puts on a record at the Playaz Ball night on Saturdays in Voodoo make sure this is still on. Between the two of them they can be relied upon to keep things from going up their abstract arsehole. So tonight is cautiously given the thumbs up and it will be interesting to see how the latest club venue on the block, The Belvedere, hosts this kind of gig.

In the mood for Food

SANDER KLEINENBERG
FRIDAY 07 FEBRUARY
SPIRIT €15

German trance peddler Sander Kleinenberg must barely have had time to scratch his arse before being sent back to annoy us Paddies with his sickly low fat pill fodder. It's only five weeks since he was here last. Since Kleinenberg's appearance on the scene in late 1999, he's coasted along on the one flimsy idea. Far from (as originally thought) being the saviour of trance, Sander has just become another louse on its nutsack.

SEANIE B
FRIDAY 07 FEBRUARY
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

You'd expect with a name like Seanie B that this lad is a complete mucker who's never played further afield than Ballymacarse. Or worse, a nordy bastard whose DJ pedegree extends as far as trying not to get shot or blown up in some kip like Kelly's of Portrush. Neither option sounds like a bundle of laughs, so thankfully he's actually a hip hop DJ from London with his own Sunday show, The MixLab, on BBC1Xtra. Expect the latest in accessible hip-hop from him and given the fairly high standard of guests at this night and on 1Xtra, it should be pretty good. Support from Frank Jez.

ROLANDO & JIM MASTERS
FRIDAY 07 FEBRUARY
TBMC €17

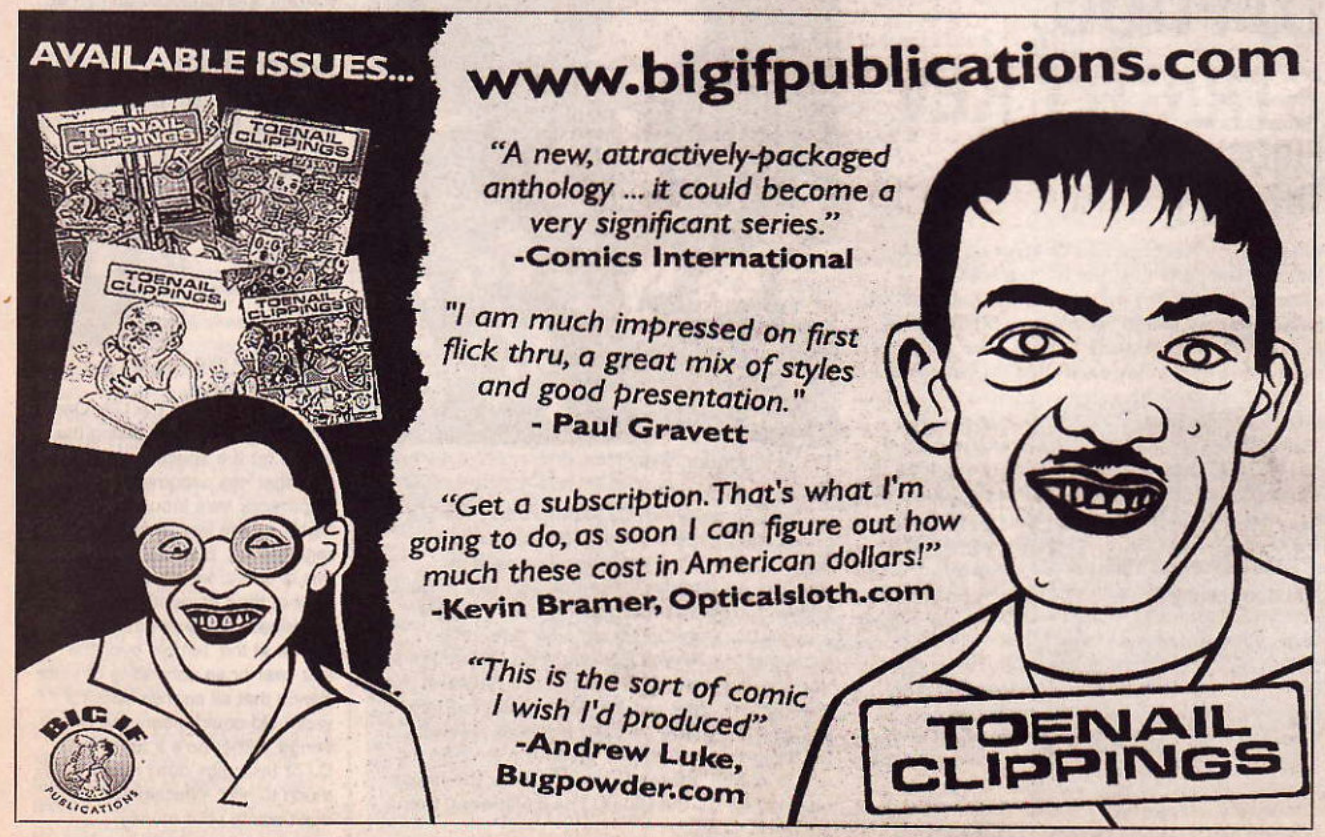
Once a relatively minor player in Detroit's Underground Resistance crew, Rolando has by now become more of a household name thanks to the ubiquity of his Knights of the Jaguar release over the last year or so. Which is small consolation to him given that Sony Germany brought out their own unlistenable 'cover' of it without his permission. A repeat visitor to Dublin, Rolando's first gig here was as replacement for Robert Hood at the now long defunct Alien night in 1996. At every visit since he has been consistently entertaining with a selection of records that should keep both fun club kids and serious Detroit heads happy - no mean feat. Also playing tonight is Jim Masters, one of the longest standing UK techno DJs around and an early resident of the Ministry of Sound. With a noted exception being the sublime two-part Millenium Retrospective he recorded for Pete Tong's Essential Mix in December 1999, he's a chancer with a special ability to bore dancefloors to death. But if he can somehow get a groove going, it could be a fine gig. Upcoming UK breaks act Phantom Beats debut live with the F.O.O.D residents in the bar.

LUKE SLATER
SATURDAY 08 FEBRUARY
RED BOX €20

In the distant past, a Luke Slater set consisted of cunt hard techno that sent the devoted Dublin massive into a drooling frenzy. But last time he was here, Slater took the podium in his now-familiar Rollerball outfit and blasted out a live set of synth-pop while some gay-looking vocalist strutted around on stage. Needless to say, the baldies were nearly driven to homicide by all this carry-on, and Slater was lucky to escape with his genitals intact. It should be pointed out, though, that Slater hasn't completely abandoned the music that made him such a dance music poster boy, as evidenced by a recently-released retrospective of his Planetary Assault Systems work. Although most techno-heads will most likely totally avoid any future live performances by the man, they'll still probably flock to this DJ set.

TIDY BOYS
SATURDAY 08 FEBRUARY
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

It's no secret that most Dublin clubbers would rather set their face on fire than put up with even 20 minutes of hard house in a club. Andy Pickles and Amadeus Mozart aka The Tidy Boys often end up on the sharp end of this snobbery. Which is a shame because if they were operating in an area deemed stylish enough for witless trendies, they'd probably be given the kind of blowjobs-on-top adulation reserved for the likes of Jeff Mills. But they're not. So their superb blasts of hardcore energy laced with cunning melody will once again be celebrated exclusively by sweaty lads whose malnourished intestines are foaming with dirty pills. In other words, great gig - if you love hard house, go. If you don't - go anyway. You may be surprised.



DJ TOUCHE
FRIDAY 14 FEBRUARY
SPIRIT €15

For all of you smartarse knobs who thought you knew what this preview would say before reading it: this is not the chap who used to be in the Wiseguys. Nor is he one of the lads from the Dutch chilled house label also known as Touche. He is from Holland alright, but unfortunately this particular Touche is some complete nobody with a dangerous looking CV full of words like trance and "this brand new sound, progressive". Mind you, Touche has played at THE club in his home town of Breda, Netherlands -probably about as prestigious as having a residency at O'Farrelly's of Tullamore. Support from Spirit residents.

LENNY D
FRIDAY 14 FEBRUARY
SIDEWALK €15

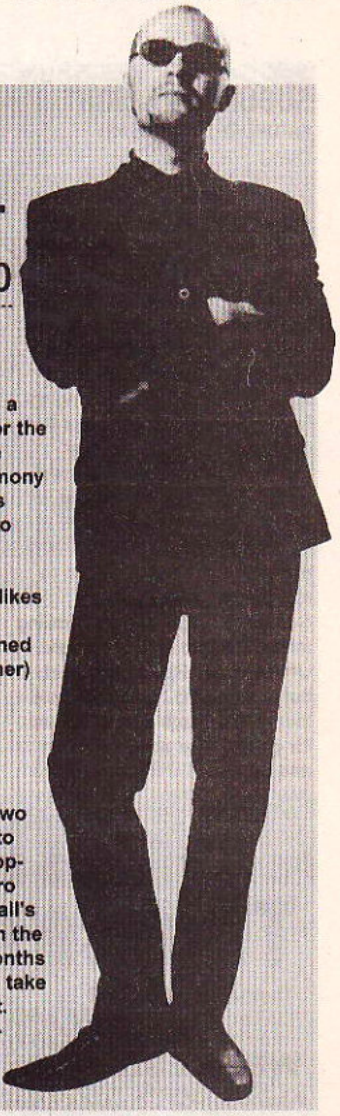
Having worked with the main men of disco and electro (Chic and Arthur Baker), you might expect Lenny D to come along and play a trendy set of the latest in fashionable dance music. But what you are far more likely to get from the Brooklyn veteran is an evening of relentless superfast gabba - fist-up-the-arse stuff which runs at 6,754 billion beats per minute and appeals to the kind of musical extremists who can't get enough of Fugazi and No Means No. People complained last time he was over that he didn't play hard enough. The fools. Bring an extra set of ears just in case this has made him angry. Support from D:Fuse residents.

Loudboy Lenny D

MARK ARMSTRONG
SATURDAY 15 FEBRUARY
SWITCH €14

Our apologies to anybody who went down to the Lexicon Avenue gig in December, which we listed in our last issue as a 'Party in a Castle' with a finishing time of 6 am. What it turned out to be was a complete farce. Lexicon Avenue didn't go near the decks, it was held in a manky function room of the Glenart Castle in Arklow, and - this is the best part - people were told to get back on the buses that had come from Dublin two hours after they arrived. Due to a row between the promoters - Dublin based DJs Nick Corrigan & Karl Lambert - and the unhelpful venue management, the event ended 4 hours early, at 2am. The asshole organisers kindly offered the punters (who'd paid e30 per ticket) no adequate explanation as to what was going on, and flatly refused to refund anybody's money. In Switch tonight, one of Lexicon Avenue (there are 3 in the outfit) are playing and Corrigan and Co are generously letting anybody who still has their wristband from the disaster in for free. Seeing as practically no effort was made to inform punters to hold on to their wrist bands on the night, most will have discarded theirs, making this a completely empty-handed gesture.

JUSTIN ROBERTSON & ANDREW WEATHERALL
SATURDAY 01 FEBRUARY
TIVOLI €16.90



ON PAPER this night has terrific potential. These two DJs have rarely, if ever, played together over here (Feile 1995 would seem to be the last time they shared an Irish bill), but there are some striking parallels between their career paths. Both were acid house pioneers with a healthy background in indie, dub, punk and electronic. And both embraced the indie-dance revolution of 89-91 in style - Robertson with The Farm and others, Weatherall famously with Primal Scream.

As the 90s began and opportunistic peers like Paul Oakenfold and Judge Jules limbered up for corporate success, these two chaps burrowed further underground. They followed each other along the same leftfield DJ trajectory of fearsome tribal techno, then tough, sleazy US house. Both DJs also ran a series of seminal UK club nights throughout the 90s and took time out for dubby side-projects, Lionrock and Sabres Of Paradise. And the two of them claim to have discovered the Chemical Brothers, so you'll have a hard job deciding which one to line up against the wall and shoot.

Another common thread is the fact that Weatherall and Robertson have been part of the Bugged Out furniture since day one. This British club night have been running a residency in the Tivoli for the last few months, and the guests have borne testimony to the fact that - since its move from Manchester to Liverpool last year - the Bugged Out identity has become a bit fuzzy. The likes of Carl Craig and Tom Middleton (who both turned up here under their banner) would only seem to be vaguely associated with the club.

The only shame about tonight is with so much talent and range, these two are probably just going to knock out hours of walloping techno with an electro edge. However, Weatherall's incendiary low-key gig in the Thomas House a few months ago is reason enough to take the chance on this event. Support from Influx residents.

Justin getting into himself

ANDY CATO
SATURDAY 15 FEBRUARY
RED BOX €20

Andy Cato is the taller uglier half of Groove Armada, and sales for their recent Lovebox album have obviously been disappointing enough to have his lanky ass out on the road, spinning tunes. Which - it must be said - he's fairly handy at. When Cato played the Tivoli in June he managed to create a stunning atmosphere and his obvious love for what he was doing made it easier to overlook the fact that he only had about 12 records with him. Those who would be wary of the band's capacity to ignite a dancefloor on the grounds of their tastefully dull All Back To Mine mix CD needn't worry - good, boneshaking varied house is on the agenda. Support comes from Robbie Butler.

Groove Armada - Andy Cato is the cunt on the right

SUBURBAN KNIGHT
SATURDAY 15 FEBRUARY
TBMC €17

If you read the last issue of The Slate you may think we've put this gig in again by accident. We haven't so fuck you. Local techno promoters D1 were so impressed with the no-show of Suburban Knight in December, they've decided to book him again. The night itself - cringingly entitled Night Strike - is a fairly good techno party, whoever plays. Even the self-conscious commando posturing (the Music Centre gets ponced up with camouflage nets and the like for the evening) hasn't seemed to ruin things for everyone. Suburban Knight plays unsmiling militant techno in the standard Underground Resistance vein but is a good DJ and the whole thing looks like a decent option for getting your army boots on and boogying.

JACQUES LU CONT & DJ FALCON
SATURDAY 15 FEBRUARY
TIVOLI €16.90

Either of these DJs on their own would be hard to turn down so both together is likely to be one of the best house gigs in Dublin this year. Lu Cont has been doing his own 80s revivalism thing for some time now under the name Les Rhythmes Digitales. His swaggering remix of Felix Da Housecat's Silver Screen was one of the big tunes of last year. Falcon will play more straight up French house, a genre which is undergoing something of a revival itself. There is no doubting the pedigree of these artists. Both have put in memorable performances in Tivoli before, and they're both accomplished producers too. It should be a cracker, and is not to be missed.

The Thomas House

Thomas St., Dublin 8 **Free every night**

WEDNESDAY

Marmalade - DJ Aido plays music from all over the world (soul, afrobeat, Brazilian, nu jazz, and beats 'n' bobs)

THURSDAY

Spin Cycle - downstairs - Your favourite tunes in your favourite venue

Mullet Belt - upstairs - for retro metal and punk fans

FRIDAY

Creative Clinic - downstairs - 60s ska, rocksteady, refined roots, deep dub and Reggae from DJ Ram and Matt Lock

The Gappy Foundation - upstairs - Jungle

SATURDAY - ***Alternating weeks***

1st week: Monkey Tennis - upstairs - stupid party music + **Capsule** - downstairs - altrnative sounds with live pa's & weekly guests

Other week: Roken is Dodelig - upstairs & downstairs - funk, soul,folk, elctric, hip hop, etc.

DAVE SEAMAN
FRIDAY 21 FEBRUARY
TIVOLI €TBC

The ex-Mixmag editor and Brother In Rhythm is back to pester us with his prehistoric prog and dollybird house. Aptly enough for a has-been like himself, he's launching a new monthly Cream night in the Tivoli as the less-than-superclub continues to downsize humbly. He's a strange choice of guest too, considering his name is synonymous with Cream's rival, Renaissance. His name is also synonymous with shite so skip this one.

RAY ROC
FRIDAY 21 FEBRUARY
SPIRIT €15

With his old-skool block party battle name you're right in guessing that New York's Ray Roc is, indeed, old. He has apparently been in the business for fifteen years, racking up plenty of production work and remixing everyone from Michael Moog to Sheena Easton without anyone outside New York giving so much as a distracted wank. West London stalwarts such as Terry Farley and Xpress 2 were predictably the only ones this side of the Atlantic to pick up on Roc's tough, sleazy NY house groove. But his relative non-celebrity shouldn't put you off - it's mainly to do with the fact that he doesn't bother his hole with gigs outside his home turf. And he should also be thanked for taking the unsavoury Euro-goon look off Spirit's February line up. Expect party-friendly dirty house somewhere between the punk garage of Armand Van Helden and the stoical bump of Tony Humphries. Support from Spirit residents.

SATOSHIE TOMIE
SATURDAY 22 FEBRUARY
RED BOX €20

About fucking time that someone brought Satoshie Tomie over for a gig and thankfully it won't consist of a 45 minute set in every 15-year-old madoutofit's heaven, the Point. 2002 really was an excellent year for our yankee friend who released a slew of remixes and also mixed the sixth instalment of Global Underground's NuBreed compilation. Quite how a man in the business as long as Satoshi Tomeii can be considered new breed is a different matter altogether. He's been releasing quality house music, just on the acceptable side of progressive for nearly fifteen years. Probably best known to current dance music fans for the outstanding Love In Traffic, many have never heard of his classic collaboration with Frankie Knuckles, Tears. Even if you haven't heard of him at all - and it's very possible you haven't - this would be well worth popping along to. Support from Robbie Butler.

DJ DARA
SATURDAY 22 FEBRUARY
BELVEDERE €10

With recent quality releases from Accident & Emergency and Natty Ted, Bassbin's offshoot label Looney Tunes (also drum n bass) is sporting a massive grin at the moment. So smug are they, they're having one of their occasional specials. What makes this one particularly special is the presence of Dublin expat DJ Dara who wisely left for New York in the early 90s just as Dublin's first E-hangover was beginning. Building both a massive jungle/dnb collection and a bulletproof DJ reputation over there, he now more or less runs the NYC jungle scene. Tonight, he's concentrating on 95-96 vintage jump-up - his speciality. If you love drum n bass, don't miss it. Support from Kenny and Keevo.

SCAPE ONE
THURSDAY 27 FEBRUARY
GRAYS €TBC

Who's up for some difficult electrogeek action in an inner city pub? Jaysus. Don't all step forward at once. If you like your beats straight and your music thrills conventional, then forget about Scape One. He first appeared in the public eye in 1983 while breakdancing to Planet Rock on BBC's That's Life. And things have carried on in a no less twisted fashion since then, with plenty of testing experimental electro on labels like Electrix and Transparent Sound Recordings. If that peculiar place where hip-hop met abstract electronica uptown is a favoured haunt of yours then definitely check this out. Support from Neuromantik residents.

Dia dhuit

ANDY CALDWELL
FRIDAY 21 FEBRUARY
TBMC €17

ANDY CALDWELL leads the charge here for a night of lush, buffeted West Coast deep house. With San Fran jock Kaskade and singer Amma in tow, this gig will delight all the deep-house ponces. "At last!" they'll be weeping into their fennel teas. "A real live vocalist performing with two of the scene's most sophisticated producers - not just some vulgar jock playing to a whole load of people on drugs who don't care about proper music". So, while this gig will attract some of the city's most pretentious assholes, it will probably be pretty good as well - it's just a pity it's not happening in a more suitable venue than the Mucus Centre.

Although Caldwell started out making breakbeat in 1994, it is the highly-produced, melodic deep house sound that he is most associated with, as popularised by labels such as Naked Music and Om Records. This scene draws much of its influence from lounge and soul music, but wraps the whole thing in ultra-modern studio technology and doesn't meander or faff about like US garage does. Kaskade, aka Ryan Raddon is in a similar vein to Caldwell and combined with Amma's soulful vocal style, this has the makings of a good night which will be a little different from the usual Dublin fodder.

Andy - the ponces' prince

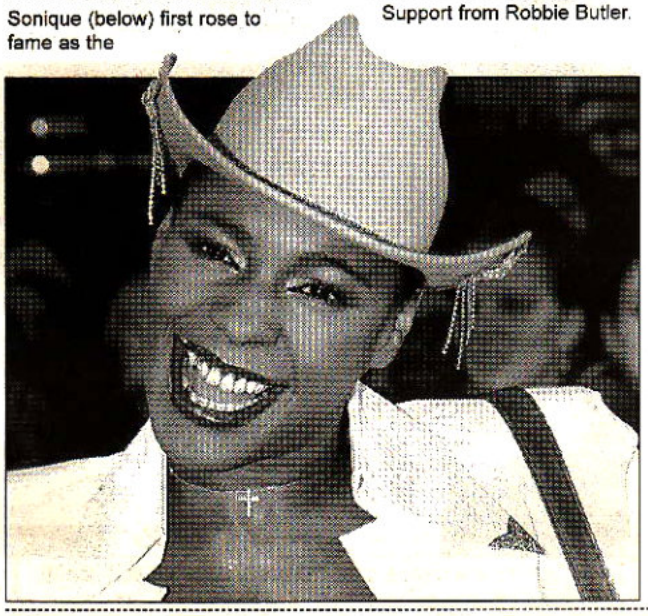
LUCIEN FOORT
FRIDAY 28 FEBRUARY
SPIRIT €15

Lucien Foort's publicity claims that he plays "melodic tech-house", but he still managed to release a remix of Ferry Corsten's Out Of The Blue which he unequivocally called Lucien's Big Trance Mix. A monthly residency at Gatecrasher was cut short because of their problems but he is still a regular guest there. And surely tech-house is not quite 'boshing' enough for the 'havin it large' massive down at Gatecrasher. It's probably far more likely that he's talking through his arse and it's going to be pants trance all the way.

SONIQUE
FRIDAY 28 FEBRUARY
TBMC €17

Sonique (below) first rose to fame as the vocalist for S'Express and, after a barren period in the mid-90s (some of which she spent homeless), she released It Feels So Good and came back with a bang. To get maximum exploitation out of that hit, her subsequent album was recorded in under a week and actually did reasonably well for a complete cash-in. Sky, the follow up single and a shit tune if ever there was one, is a fairly accurate barometer of the rest of the album. Sonique's DJing gimmick is that she sings over her records, which must be quite handy if a mix is out but quite annoying to her audience if she hogs the mike all night and doesn't let the tunes flow. Then again, with the piss poor trance she's likely to be playing, you wouldn't complain if she was calling bingo numbers over the it so long as she was blotting it out.

Support from Robbie Butler.



GRAEME PARK
SATURDAY 01 MARCH
RED BOX €20

This man arguably has a better pedigree than any other house DJ in Britain. He won the DMC DJ of the year from 1988-90, was resident in the Hacienda when it mattered for a couple of years, has had regular radio shows for about 10 years and has been a quality DJ for longer than most of us have been alive. His LuvDup project epitomised that big, brash handbag house sound that used to go down a storm with the benders and dollybirds in Shaft. Then he disappeared. Whether everyone got bored with him or he got bored with it himself is not clear but the fact that he mostly only bothers to play in or near his adopted home of Manchester (he's Scottish) would point to the latter. Catch him while you can. Support from Robbie Butler.

EDDIE TEMPLE-MORRIS
SATURDAY 01 MARCH
SWITCH €14

MTV's former nodding-dog daytime presenter Eddy Temple Morris has taken a quantum leap in coolness from the days when you'd happily castrate yourself as opposed to facing him on MTV Select. Teaming up with James Hyman (the man originally behind MTV's Partyzone and now head of alternative radio station XFM), the two of them were responsible for last year's gloriously OTT series of megamix bootlegs under the name Alonzo Mosley. XFM's prime time bootleg show, The Remix, is now hosted by ETM and as such tonight you can expect two hours of mad, devious and barely legal white labels. It's not going to be the most forward thinking event in town but you'll have to look hard to find another promising as much fun. Support from Nick Corrigan.

FELIX DA HOUSECAT
SATURDAY 01 MARCH
TIVOLI €16.90

After ten years out in the cold as a DJ's pet, Felix Stallings has finally blown up big in the last year, mainly due to his Silver Screen hit. He's cracked a formula that finally merges American DJs twin obsessions - the afrocentric vision of disco, funk and jacked up house with the cold hard stare of European new wave electronica. And he's going to milk the fuck out of it, be sure. DJ wise, what you can expect when you go to see Felix play is funk by the bucketload. What you needn't expect is precise mixing and the anxious over-professionalism associated with some DJs. A master of EQ, he can twist even the most familiar tune into something completely different. Good fun. Support from Influx residents.

Felix - milking it

Regular Clubbing

MONDAYS

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

Reliable 80s night with good music downstairs and a decent bar upstairs to sit and get pissed in. Recommended if you are on the piss on a Monday. Last review September 2002

SOHO
RECESS €7.50

All drinks €2.50. You can't go wrong, unless you have a problem being stuck in a pig pen with a load of pigs.

SWITCH
SLAM €7/4

Decent midweek gay club which stands out as one of the few fun nights in Switch. DJ Karen plays good house music to a loyal crowd of not-too-camp men and women. Rocky T Delgado upstairs.
Last review September 2002

TUESDAYS

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7

It's the usual Ri Ra fare here of hip hop, soul, etc. and, in fairness, Fionn Davenport does it as well as anyone. Murfi upstairs.
Last reviewed July 2002

SPY
SUN ZOOM SPARK €7/ FREE B4 11.30

Tuesday nights sees this yuppie fleabag paradise invaded by a load of hippy-ish singer-songwriter types, who are allowed put on their records and play songs. Sounds alright. Selected cocktails 2 for the price of one, 4 cocktail shots for a tenner.

SUGAR CLUB
DAVE MURPHY AND FRIENDS €5

No idea what goes on here but we'll certainly do our best to find out.

SWITCH
TECHNO.IE €7

More tough techno from Joe McGrath and GmcD, and the numbers have upped themselves after a long slump. The half-finished feel of the inside of Switch don't do them any favours and some of the guests can be a bit boring, but the people who go to this night don't complain as long as it's hard and fast.
Last review January 2003

TIVOLI
FRIDGE LITE €10/5

Who in their right mind would like to spend Tuesday in the Tivoli? A whole load of gay young lads, that's who. Amazingly, this night has been packing them in, with a few dirty old men for good measure. Terrible charty music though, but you'll find that in almost every gay night in Dublin. Whats the fucking story?
Last review January 2003

WEDNESDAYS

FIREWORKS
ER €7/6 WITH STUDENT ID

Amazingly, this night has been quite a success due to clever enough marketing in college campuses around the city and lots of stupid students with bad taste in music. What to expect: no music policy, lots of drunk 18 year olds and some pig-ignorant bouncers. Last review January 2003.

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €6

One of those nights that has built up an unstoppable momentum over the years. Consistently good dub and reggae and quality guests mean that it's almost always packed. Some annoying hippy types there, but mostly the crowd is decent and anyway it's so dark in the place that it is almost impossible to find your way to the bar, let alone see anybody else.
Last reviewed September 2002

POD
LOGIC €7

An alarming booze deal makes this night an instant attraction. Good music with Scott McNaughton and guests supplying house & techno through a fine sound system. You could certainly do worse. All drinks €1.90, Double Vodka & Redbull €6.40
Last review September 2002

RIRA
U-TURN €7

You'll find Cork Langsavage Stevie G playing his usual dependable rnb-oriented stuff downstairs, and Colm Kenefick does the business as his trusty sidekick. Brian Nevin plays upstairs.

SPY
SOUL RIOT €7/ FREE B4 11.30

Fucking mods. They're all over the place, getting in the way and annoying people. This night, in particular, is a strictly 70s haircuts and tight trousers affair. Soul, funk and the odd bit of indie from be-mulletted Gerry Molumby, Brian Harrington and Co. Doors open 10. Martin McCann in Spy. Selected cocktails €3.20 each, 4 cocktail shots for a tenner
Last review September 2002

SUGAR CLUB
FM104 FILM CLUB €7

This night is unfortunately sponsored by the world's worst radio station. However it's not a bad idea. You sign up as a member on the Sugar Club's website. Then they email you a list of films once a week. You vote for the one you'd most like to see, and the film with the most votes gets shown on the Wednesday. Plus you can booze, which sets it apart from most cinemas.

TEMPLE THEATRE
MIA €7/5
FREE B4 12.15/ W. GOLDCARD

Glum-looking DJ Mark rests his elbows on the real decks while his CD player chooses the tracks and the packed house of students go crazy to the sound of Nelly, S Club 7 and the Wolf Tones. Rnb with Frank Jez downstairs. All longnecks €3.
Last reviewed October 2002

TIVOLI
GENIUS €8/7/5 STUDENTS

Historically this has always been a hard techno night, but the arrival of DJ Bubbles has seen them move in a housier direction. Other residents like Geoff Walters and Pete Loop will continue to bash out the banging stuff though. All drinks €2.
Last review October 2002

Jimmy Saville now wanders the fringes of Dublin's club scene exposing himself in return for swigs of beer.

THURSDAYS

COYOTE
BOOTY €6/5

This place is a failed superpub, and the only night that really works down here is the Sunday night rnb session. Tonight DJ Pure Silk plays hip hop, soul and other stuff. Not a particularly spectacular night.

FIREWORKS
WARM UP €FREE

Piss

POD
VIBE €8/7/5
LADIES FREE B4 MIDNIGHT

One of the few midweek clubs where you are almost guaranteed a decent-sized crowd. It's also practically the only rnb night in Dublin where you aren't likely to have heard every track on FM104 during the previous week. DJ Frank Jez also provides a decent smattering of hip-hop throughout. Dbl. vodka and Red Bull: €6.40. Pints of Miller €2.50
Last reviewed January 2003

REDBOX
REVOLVER €7/6

Hoards of uncivilized students in shirts waving their pints around the vast dancefloor to the sound of Al Gibbs and Ian Clarke's cheesy collection of bootlegs and other monstrous music. This is not a nice experience for most normal people. €2 for selected pints, double vodka and Redbull €6.40. Last reviewed January 2003

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8

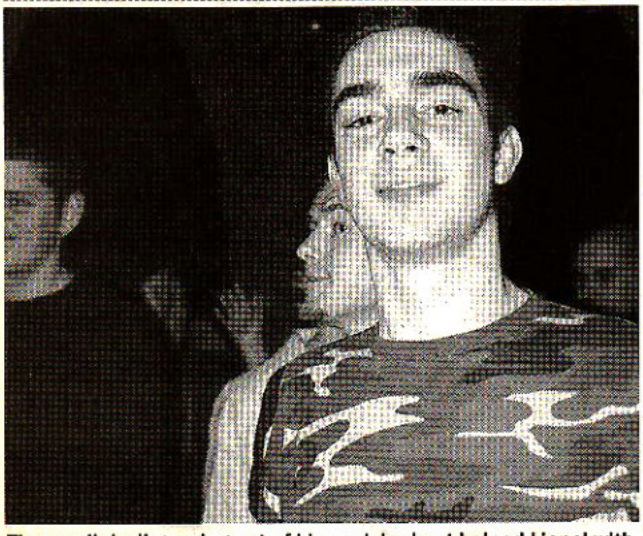
The old Rira one-two of soul, funk, etc. is what you get downstairs (from Aran McMahon) and a general medley of more laid-back music (from Padraig Disconaut) up in the Globe. Good football table option too downstairs.

SPIRIT
RAPTURE €10/5

Same show as you get here during the weekend - stressed-out looking dancers in 'exotic' costumes, fire breathing morons, etc. The only difference is that, instead of PR bitches seeking husbands, the place is full of the more dickhead-ish type of student. Last review: November 2002

SPY
SOUL PATROL €7 / FREE B4 11.30

This club can be too posy for many, but catch it on the right night and it's excellent. Soul Patrol, for example, offers a good selection of DJs (including Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano, Keith Dalton, Stef Hoffman, Padraig Disconaut and Billy Scurry) who play excellent deep house in what is Spy's best night of the week. Various cunts play to the hairdressers upstairs in Spy.
Last review: October 2002



The small devil growing out of his neck had not helped Lionel with the ladies

SUGAR CLUB
LAUGHING CLUB €13

Various comedians take the stage followed by a DJ who goes on into the small hours.

SWITCH
BAM BAM €7

This night is run by the excellent Power FM and often features guest DJs from the station. Resident is Graham Keely from Mooks Music and his style of tough tech and tribal house is what you can expect most of the time. The crowds tend to be a bit up and down though. Pints €1.90, all shots €2.50.
Last reviewed November 2002

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

Go here if you're into dancing to guitar music and fraternising with deformed-looking mods who like posturing drunkenly at the bar. Long-running night with a good atmosphere, even if numbers vary. DJs Nutcase, Madouva, Swench and Benny Hill are the regulars.
Last reviewed August 2002.

TIVOLI
DISCOBALL €7/6/5

This is the night on which the Tivoli reveals it true identity as a cheesy-as-fuck Midlands discotheque. All sorts of unfortunate studenty types find themselves at the mercy of DJs who slam on the nearest bootleg with what is usually a disastrous effects on the dancefloor.
Last reviewed November 2002.

TRAFFIC
CHOICE CUTS €6/5

This new Abbey St. club will be bringing the Choice Cuts boys on board from 6 February onwards. The CC Friday night residency in Mono was one of the only hip hop nights ever in Dublin where people actually got up on the dancefloor every now and then. Then they had to give it up when Mono shut down a few months ago. Word on the new venue is promising, so this could be a good night. DJs Scope, Splyce and other scratch DJs play.

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10

Sophisto-shite in the gloriously wankish Morrisson Hotel.

POD
HAM €10/8

Long running night which continues to pull big crowds. While the atmosphere never really skyrockets anywhere, it's a good gay option. Residents include Shay Hannon, Hugh Scully and Tonie Walsh in the abbatoir.
Last review November 2002

FRIDAYS

REFUGE
THE BELVEDERE TBC

Dublin dnb outfit Bassbin make a much anticipated return to the weekly club scene. They used to run this night in Switch a while back, and it was a mental affair which drew great crowds and had a mad atmosphere. It'll feature Rohan, Don Rosco, Naphta and too many others to mention. The Belvedere hotel is on Great Denmark St, which is accross from the Garden of Rememberance.

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

An army of dull fucks pile into this large-ish theatre and get drunk until (4am). There are some good aspects to this place such as the big cinema room and the variety of salsa, soul and funk music, but it's quite lacklustre at the same time.
Last review November 2002

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €FREE

Indie night alert. Lots of people wearing clothes that were fashionable in 1996 jumping around a room to all the best-known guitar tunes from the last couple of decades. A good night if you're into that sort of thing. Last reviewed November 2002.

LOWER DECK
BALLROOM OF ROMANCE €6

Interesting looking live music night, where they give you a CD on the way in which has a track by each band playing. Nasty hole of a place though.

REDBOX
110TH STREET €10/15 WHEN GUESTS

Cian O'Ciobhain and Cyril Briscoe are at the helm of this funk, soul and anything goes kind of night. The music policy can be a bit hackneyed and it doesn't work particularly well in the revamped Redbox, but the guest nights can be interesting. See once offs for international guest info. Last review November 2002.

RIRA
RINKA €10

Generally a safe bet for a good night - Funk, hip hop, soul from Cian O'Ciobhain, Cyril Briscoe, Pat McShallow, Dave Cleary, and Brian Nevin. Open deck upstairs. Choice Cuts - a quality hip hop club happens once as a month as does Rocker's Revenge, a completely guitar orientated night (31 January).

SPIRIT
PROPHECY €15

So packed you can hardly move, about 20 different rooms, mostly bad music, mouldy strippers and expensive door entry - if this is your cup of tea, by all means go ahead. Opens late though which is the only thing to really recommend about the place.

SPY
BETTY FORD CLINIC €10

This night, formerly House Party with resident DJ Bubbles has got a bit of a revamp recently and now the whole kip is open on both floors. Upstairs is Scott McNaughton and downstairs is Bubbles and Martin McCann. Last reviewed October 2002.

SWITCH
PHUNK D'UP €12/11

Banging techno from Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey. Not the most imaginative night on earth, but if you take drugs it sounds alright - like most hard techno really. Good guests sometimes drop by, including Phil Kiernan. Last reviewed October 2002

Mail us
a picture
of your granny.
Clubbing@theslate.ie

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION €13/10

Good night from Frank Jez and international guests who lash out big-tune rnb and hip hop in the main auditorium to large mixed crowds. Last review September 2002

TEMPLE THEATRE (CRYPT)
BABY BROTHER €12/15 FOR GUESTS

Hard house from Mark Kavanagh - this will be savage, unrelenting music for young maniacs who like plenty of yokes down their gullet of a Friday night.

TIVOLI
I LOVE HOUSE €10/8

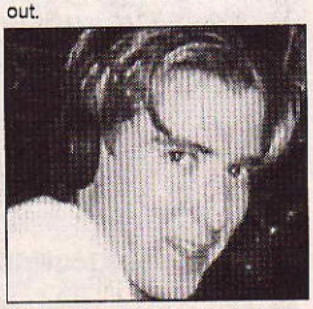
Cheesey enough house night from 2fm's Conor G, who has the occasional foray into decent music, Ronan O who is generally pretty mediochre and some other cunt called Dave Treacy. There are better options available on a Friday.

THE VAULTS
MOBO €10

Our reviewer was killed in a drive-by shooting on the way to this place so unfortunately we don't have a write-up for you. We'll sort it out for next month. Apparently they play rnb here.

TRAFFIC
MODEL 1 €8

Techno night with local promoters D1. They used to run a deadly night in Switch, so the Feb 31st opening of this club will be highly anticipated in the techno community. Music is on the more melodic, less relentless end of the spectrum. Check it out.



Ronan O, a peddlar of shit music

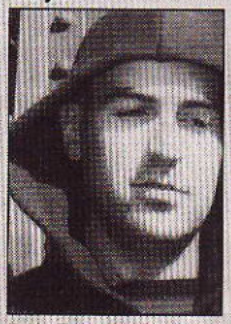
Too hush hush! Club Gossip

with Tiny Tim Allen

Which bald bouncer who works the door of a trendy pub in the Georges St vicinity is banging out charlie to supplement his income?

FEBRUARY SEES the launch of some badly needed small clubs on the Dublin scene. Traffic on Middle Abbey St. is a little basement joint with a 250 capacity which will feature regular nights from the likes of D1, Choice Cuts, Nylon, and Conor G's brigade of muppets. The Belvedere hotel up on Great Denmark St. is another similarly sized venue which looks likely to host a return of Bassbin's weekly Refuge night.

Having reportedly burned his bridges with almost every member of the Dublin house community and lost his job when Disque records closed down, Sean Scully was spotted not so long ago working in a crap restaurant and seemed to be incapable of getting any gigs anywhere. For someone who used to run Central at Switch, one of the best house nights in Dublin, this must have been a bit of a letdown. However, there is a vicious rumour circulating that he is about to make a comeback in Switch, alongside Shane Johnson and Greg Dowling of Fish Go Deep. Which weekend night there will get the chop to make room for them?



D1's Eamonn Doyle

The mysterious former manager of the Temple Theatre, Richard McDermott has made a return to the Temple St venue. McDermott left the place well over a year over under strange circumstances and then started his own nightclub called 'The Temple - Galway' in the west - much to the annoyance of his old bosses. However, he's back now in some kind of marketing capacity. The lad who replaced him, Conor Malone has just left the place. Is this a happy coincidence?

Which male techno DJ is apparently smoking gear off the foil and was recently caught getting a blow-job off a transvestite in the club where he plays?

Selectah Records on Crown Alley is moving to Crowe St, across the road from Purple Moon Records. There is currently some kind of dodgy psychadelic trance shop being run out of the Purple Moon buildling also - make sure you don't go near it.

Former Dubfly Michelle star editor is now doing PR for the Belvedere and the Thomas House.

Dublin techno promoters D1 are promising a gig that could be one of the best of the year: Detroit's Galaxy to Galaxy outfit live. Galaxy to Galaxy is largely the work of 'Mad' Mike Banks, the famously reclusive, didactic boss of Detroit's Underground Resistance. He's a grumpy asshole known for idiocy and musical genius in equal measure, but if D1 persuade him to play in Dublin the results could be spectacular.

The great drive to turn Pod/Redbox into a fabulous megadrome of a club ran into a few problems last month. First, some ballbusting cop fined the fuck out of Skeletor Reynolds for opening too late on Sunday nights (legally, clubs are supposed to close at 1am on God's Day). Then some investment fell reportedly through, causing a number of redundancies. And at the time of going to press, Reynoldo was still sitting on his hands waiting for planning permission to come through for the final refurb in the Pod.

SATURDAYS

FRAZERS
DOMINION €6

Goth night. Lots of make-up and people who think they're bisexual. Good place to head if you're into anthropology.

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

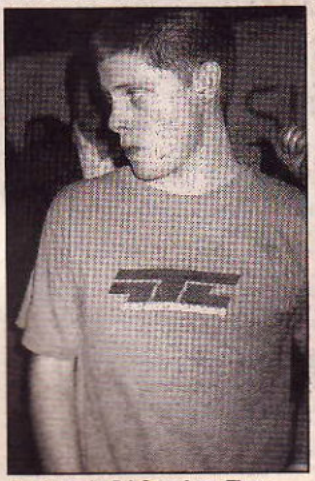
Pretty much the same deal as Fridays.
Last review October 2002

ISAAC BUTT
PANIC €FREE

Indie club for young students. Interestingly, they have a 'Grove' nostalgia night once a month. The Grove was a northside rocker disco in which school kids used to go knacker drinking and taking acid in the park near the place before heading in to try and have sex with the person nearest them. Ring the Isaac Butt for more details if you used to go there. Last review October 2002

POD/REDBOX
ART €20/15 B4 12

In a new developement, the Pod / Redbox is open all areas on Saturdays, so you'll get all the pill monsters mixing with the deephouse heads. In the Pod are two of the country's best house djs - Dublin's Billy Scurry and Cork's Shane Johnson, and in the main room various big names will play. We'll have a proper review next month. Last review November 2002.



Bodytonic DJ Stephen Flynn

REDBOX
H:0 €15/€20 WITH INT. GUEST

This night is generally reserved for big-name foreign guests of all varieties - check once off listings for more details. The Irish residents are Robbie Butler, Eoghan Young and Shay Hannon.

RIRA
FRISKY DISCO €10

More of a house thing going on here than usual, with Emma C downstairs and Dave Cleary upstairs. A good night if you're planning on going out on the piss. Last review April 2002.

SPI
SHAKE IT €12

After a couple of top class Christmas gigs - including a stonking performance from Brique Rouge's David Duriez - this is turning into a very good night. The venue is small and is little more than a bar, but it works very well and Djs Taylor, John Mahon, Stephen Flynn and Paul Hughes knoc out jacking funky house music. Last reviewed December 02.

SPIRIT
REVELATION €20

Pretty much the same deal as on Friday - see our previous review. Mark Lowdnes, Chris Brown, Martin McCann, Noel Phelan (who's a good jock) and Rory Pierce all DJ.

SPY
CRASH €12/11

Rocky T del Baldio takes care of things upstairs in poser-central, and Quilli is downstairs. Expect all kinds of shit from rock to dance.

SWITCH
TURN IT ON €14

Unspectalar night of middle of the road house and prog, although occasionally some decent guests drop by. On the plus side, it goes on late enough, and the numbers aren't bad. Last review October 2002.

TEMPLE THEATRE
ESCAPE €20

Hard house and trance madness for the pill chewing masses. Big name UK and Italian names drop in and Jay Pidgeon, Ken Tobin

Alternative Miss Ireland Dave Redsetta

and DJ Orbit support. Good if you like this kind of fucked up music, fucking hell if you don't.

THE VAULTS
URBAN €10

Tony D 'playing' rnb. The man presents a bizarre but mostly good rnb show on FM104 but he is a brutal club DJ. It's like having your uncle trying to dj at a twenty first.

TIVOLI
INFLUX €15

Respectable house and techno guests play each week, supported by the erratic Johnny Moy and the more dependable Philth and the Redsettaz. Check once of listings for more details.

TRAFFIC
SOME HOUSE NIGHT €10

The dodgy combination of 2fm's Conor G, Nova's Ronan O No and Paddy Sherican can only mean one thing - dodgy house music.

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL €8 AFTER 10

The acrobatic Funkmaster Lee is in charge here, doing plenty of MCing and scratching to keep the dancefloor moving. Lots of black dudes and birds head down - it's a pity the venue isn't better. Selected cocks and pints €3.50, selected shots €2.50 between 4 & 8pm. Last review July 2002

SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12 WITH CONC, €8 AFTER

Good enough rnb and hip hop session, if slightly low-key by comparison to some of the bigger sessions in the city. Stevie G and Al Murray are the residents, along with some other lads who all know what they're doing. The mixed crowd gets pretty into it.
Last reviewed: September 2002

THE GEORGE
BINGO SUNDAY €7 AFTER 10

Big gay bingo session with Shirley Temple Bar from those National Lottery ads. Lots of camp carry-on, with DJ Fluffy taking over afterwards.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD €4

Having released three CDs worth of music from the people who play at this electronica night, it looks like things are going pretty well fro these lads. If you haven't been before, head down - it starts at 9pm and a range of interesting Irish acts play.

RIRA
TAIL SPIN €7

Karlito and DJ Pete Pamf take charge here and provide the usual Rira's soundtrack of hip hop and soul derived music. Not bad really at all.

SPY
HILTON EDWARDS €8

Lounging for gays is what this night is all about according to their publicity - it's no wonder there are so many assholes at this night. Martin McCann plays in Spy and Mark Dixon plays good music downstairs. Last reviewed February 2002.

SUGAR CLUB
THE BITTER END €10/13

Live acoustic music in the only club on Leeson St that's even vaguely worth thinking about.

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH €8/6 AFTER 11

Good night for a last session before the weekend finishes. DJs Sean Hand and Tonie Walsh play house music accompanied by tranny Sax player Beverly and Jason Bongo Williams. Watch out for the excellent Mr Moto, who guests every now and then for them. Should do especially well now that Love Dancin in the Pod is gone.
Last review December 2002.

TRAFFIC
NYLON €5

This new night comes from the lads who used to run Monkey Tennis in the Thomas House and then Nylon in Wax. DJs'll include Arveene, Trixton and Nic James, and it kicks off on Feb 2nd.

Promoters - send your info to clubbing@theslate.ie Likewise all you gossip bitches. We want info

DJ Bar Listings

4 DAME LANE
DAME LANE, D2

Monday: Boogaloo (Mikey upstairs, Gerry Molumbi downstairs)
Tuesday: Lizard Lounge (Conor irwin Upstairs, Aoife Ni Canna downstairs)
Wednesday: Murandishi (Darragh skelton upstairs, guests downstairs)
Thursday: El Barrio (Pat McMellow and Gerry Molumbi)
Friday: Aidan Kelly upstairs, Darragh Skelton downstairs
Saturday: DJ Nick upstairs, Gerry Molumbi downstairs
Sunday: The Workers Party (Aidan Kelly and Dandelion)

THE BAR
THE LEGAL EAGLE, THE 4 COURTS

Thursday: Soul Riot (Rory Murfi and Brian Harrington - soul, funk, hip-hop, house)
Friday: Mz Led and Peter Fahny (soul, funk, hip-hop, house, rnb)
Saturday: Mz Led and Peter Fahny (soul, funk, hip-hop, house, rnb)

BODKINS
BOLTON ST, D1

Thursday: Open Deck night
Friday: Bleep (Decal and guests - electronica)
Saturday: Let Loose / Recreate SIM promotions (electro & techno)
Sunday: Easy listening Vinyl in assoc. with PhantomFM /Psychonavigation records. (Keith Downey and guests - Chill out)

THOMAS HOUSE
THOMAS ST., D8

Monday: Vibrator
Wednesday: Marmalade - fortnightly (DJ Aido - World music, nu-jazz, french house, soul, afrobeat)
Friday: Downstairs - Creative Clinic (Ram and Matt Lock - reggae). Upstairs - The Gappy Foundation (dnb and dancehall)
Saturday: Monkey Tennis / Capsule on one Saturday, and Roken Is Dodelig the next (mixed bags)
Sunday: Chicks on decks
Thursday: Mullet Belt Punk (80s metal, soft rock, 90s nu-metal)

DICE BAR
BENBURB ST, D7

Fri: Hells Kitchen (pete pamf and claire)
Mon: Asha
Sat: Promised Land (Poppie or Tarquin)
Sun: Poison (DJ Ram - reggae)
Thurs: Bronagh Gallgher (soul)
Wed: Singer-songwriter night

GRAYS
NEWMARKET SQUARE, THE COOMBE

Thursday: Neuromantek & Paddy Butler (D1) alternate
Friday: Monkey Tennis, the Alphabet St & Thomas The Skank Engine all alternate

HANDEL'S
CHRISTCHURCH, D2

Monday: Open Deck
Tuesday: Joy (soul sister - classic soul jazz funk
Wednesday: Ollie Moore (electro)
Thursday: Pete Pamf (funk, indie and progressive house)
Friday: Rohan (mixed bag)
Saturday: DJ Kevin and DJ Dara (hip hop, jazz, funk)
Sunday: Ciaran and Miller from 6-9 Colin and Steve + Co 9 -12 (deep grooves, soul, funk)

GUBU
CAPEL ST, D1

Monday: Club Ha ha (Declan Rooney & Eddie Naessens - Comedy)
Friday: Kajagubu (Mark Kelly - 80's night)
Sunday: Jazz Action (Live jazz band from 5-7, 8pm Marion doing tarot readings)

HOGANS
GEORGES ST, D2

Friday: Nello Romano (house)
Saturday: Eddie Eustace & Dan (eclectic)
Sunday: Eddie Eustace & Nello (house)

MOLLOYS
CHRISTCHURCH

Wednesday: Singer-songwriter night
Thursday: DJ Karla
Friday: Babylon Club (dnb downstairs)
Saturday: Gedge and Gint (house music)
Sunday: Acoustic Freedom (live bands)

SOLAS (FORMERLY MODERN GREEN BAR)
WEXFORD ST, D2

Monday: Freestyle (Barstaff DJs - funk, hip-hop, soul, disco)
Tuesday: ENO (hip-hop, funk)
Wednesday: Aoife Nic Canna (rnb)
Thursday: Pete Panf (hip hop)
Friday: Fionn Davenport (funk, hip hop)
Saturday: Morgan (eclectic)
Sunday: Mark Kelly (funk)

VIVA
SOUTH WILLIAM ST, D2

Friday: DJ Steve (commercial)
Saturday: Ben Carvosso (house)
Sunday: Ben Carvosso (house)
Thursday: DJ Simon F and Tac-Tic (beats & breaks)

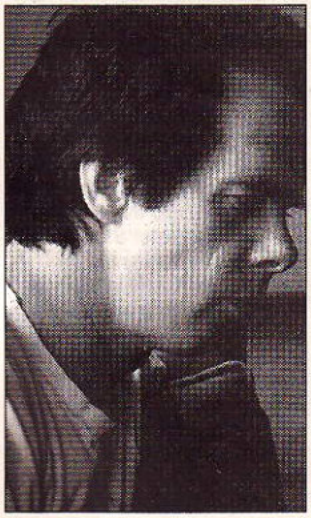
Albums

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS
NOCTURNARAMA

After the mawkishness of his two previous albums, old-time Cave fans will herald this as a welcome return to good old-fashioned Nick - fucked-up guitars, painful ballads etc.. Sensible people will remind them that his old stuff was mostly rubbish, until he learned how to write songs on The Boatman's Call. Things start inauspiciously with the dirge-like Wonderful Life, which threatens to kick in after about five minutes of moaning, but never quite gets there. Sadly the rest of the album chugs along in the same dull, uninspired vein. We get all the usual sombre-sounding pianos and spooky arrangements, but somewhere along the line Cave has forgotten to write any songs. It all sounds like a rag-bag of outtakes or b-sides, with nothing to compare with the glories of Straight to You or Into My Arms.

CLEARLAKE
CEDARS

The X-factor is that elusive quality that marketing execs and talent scouts would give their lives to definitively pin down. And with their second album Clearlake have done those people a handy service by articulating exactly what it is not. Which is not to say that this album is shit - it is not. Almost every song on it is very good. What it lacks though is the charisma, originality, or hooks that would make you bother listening to it again. "We're constantly trying to find the exact mid-point between raw chaos and Tin Pan Alley," explains singer Jason Pegg. Surprisingly they seem to think it lies in 80s jangle pop. Keep Smiling is as self-pitying as anything the Smiths ever did while I'd Like To Hurt You is also excellent, even if it isn't nearly as sinister as it's probably supposed to be. Jarvis Cocker was among the first to champion this band and it makes sense because their sound and even their album sleeves reek of that kind of back-to-nature, sylvan frigidity that ended Pulp's pop career.



Nick - you pricked it up

MASSIVE ATTACK
100th window

THIS LATEST album from Massive Attack demands an immediate answer to the following question: during recording, was 3-D (the sole surviving original member of the group) too stoned to realise that Sinead O'Connor was going completely mad all over his record? In the past, when treated firmly, Sinead has produced some great collaborations. This time around, though, 'I will be indulged' must have been written into her contract.
Massive Attack used to be known for using urbane rap and soulful singing to make insightful, almost philosophical observations on modern life. Not any more. A Prayer For England starts with Sinead invoking the Holy Spirit and quickly turns into an emotional lament for England's murdered children (Holly and Jessica, etc.). "Let not another child be slain/ Let not another search be made in vain," are lines you would expect to find at the top of a Daily Mail editorial. But there they are, ruling the roost in the middle of the only song on this album with any serious amount of lyrical content.
That's another thing - if you are looking for the tight rapping of yore, forget about it.
Obviously, with Daddy G out of the picture, a bit less rap was to be expected. In fact, there's not a rhyme in sight, as 3-D abandons what he's good at and turns instead to singing which, shall we say, takes a bit of getting used to. Droning and all as his voice is, it works surprisingly well with the increasingly stripped down, grinding Massive Attack sound.
Butterfly Caught and Small Time Shot Away, two of the songs he sings on, are amongst the best tracks on the album.
There is inevitable disappointment at the fact that 3-D seems to have almost completely jettisoned the band's trademark sampling and blending of a bewildering variety of musical styles. But if you can get over that - and the madness - this is certainly not a bad album. Everywhen, featuring Horace Andy, is put together with subtlety and skill, and the fact that 3-D uses his limited voice so well renews faith in him as an intelligent musician.
There are definite flaws - everything involving O'Connor turns to shit immediately. And Name Taken, Andy's other contribution, goes nowhere. Thus, anybody looking for something of the calibre of Blue Lines will be let down. Nonetheless, the direction that was taken on Mezzanine is pursued here with a decent amount of success, making 100th Window well worth a listen for fans of the band.

3-D - has ambitions to be the next Pavarotti

ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION
ENEMY OF THE ENEMY

Are Asian Dub Foundation just a slightly less annoying version of Rage Against The Machine? On one level, it would appear so - heavy metal guitar riffs, lots of angry sounding rapping and right-on, left wing messages about racism and how governments are oppressing everybody. However, while Zack De La Rocha and his mates had one shitty idea and single-mindedly drove it into the ground, ADF bring a lot more to the table. As well using Indian music samples and ska influences in their sound successfully, they have also brought on board two extra rappers which broadens their appeal quite a lot. Listening to most right-on MCs is like being shouted at by a member of the Socialist Worker Party, but some of the rapping on Enemy Of The Enemy is dead sharp, at times bringing to mind the excellent French hip hop outfit NTM. However, the bombastic guitars and drum programming make much of it turgid and dated-sounding, which is a pity. Worse again is the brutal dirge 1000 Mirrors with Sinead O'Connor, who's primary business these days seems to be appearing on other people's albums and doing here best to wreck them.

Cinema

DUBLIN UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL

SATURDAY 1 FEBRUARY, STARTS 1PM
PROJECT ARTS CENTRE €5

This looks like a nice way to spend a Saturday afternoon after you have whiled away the previous evening gorging on drinks, drugs and kebabs.
It's a one-day festival made up, for the most part, of Irish and American underground films from the last three years, with all bar one clocking in at under half an hour.
Most of the attention is being soaked up by the premiere of Irish film Virgin Cowboys, **the only full length feature on the bill here. Described as a comedy thriller about the revenge of a Dublin psychiatrist on a dodgy banker who stung him with a shares scam, Virgin Cowboys has almost the entire rolecall of minor characters from Fair City in its cast. So it must be good then. The premiere is in aid of the Simon Community, so see if you can get your fingers in the till when no-one's looking. There are a number of award-winning pieces amongst the shorts which should be worth keeping an eye out for.** Audit, **a U.S. film about an avenging IRS auditor, took first prize at the Win Femme Film Festival in 2001. And** The Book And The Rose **- the tale of a soldier and his new found friend in WW2 - has a healthy 25 American awards under its belt. Elsewhere,** Director Bugs **gives us a chance to see if US director 'Digital' Dave Gordon is really worthy of the new-George Lucas tag he's picked up, while** Gas Huffin' Badgirls **sees director Harry McCoys paying homage to Russ Meyers' big titty flicks.**

Confection - a short by Eva Saks - will also be showing at D.U.F.F.

ABOUT SCHMIDT - ANDREW

DIRECTOR: ALEXANDER PAYNE
STARRING: JACK NICHOLSON, KATHY BATES

Following his dissection of the horrors of high school America in Election, director Alexander Payne turns his attention to the over-sixties set with a film that has Oscar winner stamped all over it. Midwestern everyman Warren Schmidt (Jack Nicholson) has barely settled into the post-retirement slippers before his wife of 42 years drops dead while hoovering. To make a bad situation worse, his only daughter Jeannie (Hope Davis) is engaged to a mullet-sporting waterbed salesman named Randall (Dermot Mulroney). Alone and grieving, Schmidt fires up the Winnebago and takes to the road in a vain attempt to save his daughter from life with her prospective in-laws, a motley bunch led by the gloriously offensive Roberta (Kathy Bates). Superb support, a tight script, and solid direction allow Nicholson to leave his usual leering, oldest-swinger-in-town shtick aside and deliver a smirk-free master class in character acting.

Old Nicholson

NARC

DIRECTOR: JOE CARNAHAN
STARRING: RAY LIOTTA, JASON PATRIC

Who ate all the pies? Ray Liotta, that's who. It seems that Oliver Reed has come back from the dead and eaten the be-quiffed Goodfellas wiseguy, and the result is not a pretty sight. As Detective Henry Oak, Liotta plays the clichéd maverick cop who's out to nail the killers of his former partner. Fellow detective John Trellis (Jason Patric) is assigned to the case to keep him straight. Amazingly, neither of them figure out the case in ten minutes like the rest of us. What follows is a song-and-dance of camea trickery and self-conscious stylistic touches to cover up what amounts to an average episode of Crime Scene Investigation. It's entertaining enough, but with cinema prices being what they are, there are far better ways to spend a tenner.

THE PIANIST

DIRECTOR: ROMAN POLANSKI
STARRING: ADRIAN BRODY

Roman Polanski's stark war tale focuses on the Nazi occupation of Poland and how Polish Jews were ground under the SS Jackboot. Wlad Spieglman (Adrian Brody) is a café pianist in Warsaw, and for some reason is in denial of how evil the Nazis are. However, his mind is swiftly changed when, in a stroke, his city is destroyed and his family packed off to the gas chambers. Wlad is saved from death by a former friend (now a Jewish Nazi Jew policeman) and his cunning, luck and connections see him through the war. In terms of story, that's all there is to it. But this film is about message. The screen violence is cleverly limited to a few lethally harrowing scenes. What's emphasised is the way people's humanity was shrunk to a doglike scramble for basic existence. Strangely though, the strongest message you come away with afterwards is that everything in life will be grand as long as you make sure you're a handsome, elegant, soft-spoken man who plays the piano. Still it looks great and is worth seeing if you're feeling sorry for yourself.

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

DIRECTED BY: STEPHEN SPIELBERG
STARRING: LEONARDO DI CAPRIO, TOM HANKS, CHRISTOPHER WALKEN

This film is about as entertaining as sitting on an upturned screwdriver. It's based around the character of Frank Abagnale (Leonardo Di Caprio), whose French slut mother enjoys shagging men off the street while his father is out doing his best to provide for the family. Pleasingly, little Leo witnesses her infidelities, and things get even worse when the weakling pater (Christopher Walken) gets caught robbing from his employers. Angel-face commendably decides to become a cheque-fraudster to try and pay back his father's debt, and the scene is then set for director Stephen Spielberg to skillfully call on every yankee cliché in the book. Leo runs around greasing up women and hoodwinking the imbecile cops, headed by simpleton-in-chief Tom Hanks. The whole thing becomes dreadfully boring almost immediately, and sensible audiences will spend the two hours wishing Leo would get caught and electrocuted so everyone can go home.

THE GOOD THIEF

DIRECTED BY NEIL JORDAN
STARRING NICK NOLTE, TCHEKY KARYO & NUTSA KUKHIANIDZE

After a disastrous foray into the world of theatre with last year's White Horses, Ireland's only director returns to the screens with his best movie since The Butcher Boy. It is a remake of the 1955 French classic Bob le Flambeur, with grizzled Nick Nolte playing Bob, an aging junkie thief who's down on his luck in the seedy underworld of Nice. He's persuaded to do one last job on a Casino in Monte Carlo before packing it in. Despite the fact that you can hardly make out a word that he says, Nolte is perfect for the role, and even the cops have a grudging admiration for him. Jordan is mostly on top form, although there are a few dodgy scenes which should have been chopped. Like all good heist movies, the plot is insanely convoluted, and by the end you're every bit as confused as the cops on Bob's trail. Excellent support from Tcheky Karyo and young newcomer Nutsa Kukhianidze, as the screwed-up girl who takes a shine to our hero.

8 MILE

DIRECTOR:
STARRING: EMINEM, BRITTANY MURPHY, KIM BASINGER

This had the capacity to be the biggest, career-wrecking 24 carat piece of shit in history. After an exhaustive six months of vicious, relentless hype, Eminem's debut feature film is upon us. Let's clear a few things up first. It's not fit to share an illuminated dancefloor with Saturday Night Fever, the film to which it most openly aspires to. It's not even Rocky. At times, the self-mythologising vanity would put Michael Flatley to shame. But it is very enjoyable. And he can at least play a sanitised version of himself on screen. That airbrushed version is Jimmy Rabbit, a talented white rapper from Detroit sporting a completely shit life. Slowly he shakes it all off to make it out of the hood by himself. Strangely enough, Dr Dre doesn't step in with his midas touch. That would spoil the lovely story..If you leave your brain at the door, it's a good ghetto fairytale, funny with great performances, that genuinely engages you.

THE HOURS

DIRECTOR: STEPHEN DALDRY
STARRING: NICOLE KIDMAN, MERYL STREEP, JULIANNE MOORE

This film has more unstoppable raw ambition than a Samantha Mumba-Will Young arranged marriage. It attempts to tell three interconnected stories simultaneously, while also being a biopic and an adaptation (of Michael Cunningham's book of the same name). Amazingly, it more or less pulls it off, but watching The Hours is no easy ride. It's two poxy hours long and you need a full head of wits about you at all times to follow it. One of the most impressive aspects of the movie is that you forget it's either a biopic or an adaptation after about 15 minutes. It just becomes the story of three women - well, four if you count Richard (Ed Harris) who's as bent as a carjack - one of whom just happens to be writer Virginia Woolf (Kidman). Her story (the biopic part) and the stories of the other two women, Clarissa (Streep) and Laura (Moore) are symbiotically linked but to tell any more would ruin the whole film. While any of the three deserve an Oscar for their performances, it's Kidman's fake nose that's the real winner - to transform possibly Hollywood's most appealing starlet into an offensive mingbag overnight is a feat worth some prize.

DIRTY PRETTY THINGS

DIRECTOR: STEPHEN FREARS
STARRING: AUDREY TAUTOU, CHIWETEL EJIOFOR

If all you've got to go on is the mildly titillating title and the presence of French mini-goddess Audrey Tautou (Amelie), you might reckon on this being a flirty piece of Franco-frippery. Anything but. The two sex scenes are among the most unerotic, depressing sights you're likely to see outside of Lapellos. And the sex scenes outnumber the flirting scenes. Dirty Pretty Things is about the secret London of illegal immigrants. They toil invisibly in hotels and sweatshops and will do pretty much anything to survive. When Okwe (Chiwetel Ejiofor), a hotel porter, discovers a human organ blocking the toilet in one of the rooms, he's about to discover just what people will do to stay in the country. Both Ejiofor and Tautou (as the Turkish firebrand he dotes on) play a stormer and the fetid, tropical atmosphere of South London is captured perfectly. A smart, unassuming film that should make a big noise.

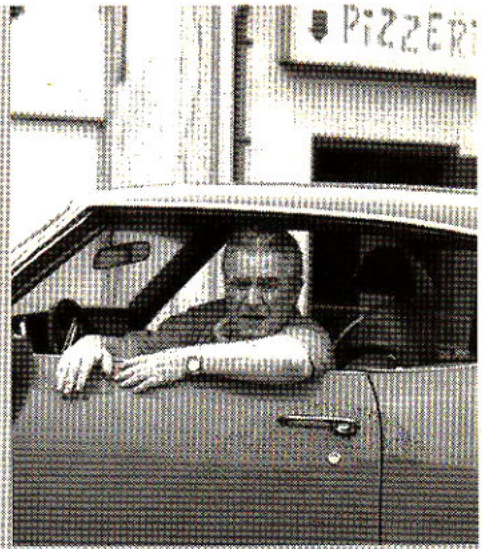
I SPY

DIRECTOR: BETTY FOSTER
STARRING: EDDIR MURPHY, OWEN WILSON

Fodder like this farcical stab at comedy mixed with action keeps mainstream cinemas ticking over. You don't expect it to change your life, but with a legend like Eddie Murphy in tow, you could have at least hoped for something watchable. It's to the eternal shame of all involved - including Murphy, who now boasts a new career low - that it doesn't even achieve this much. The substandard, hackneyed bollock of a plot vaguely alludes to the infiltration of a terrorist plan to sell a top secret blah blah blah. The plot actually conjures up more laughter than any of the jokes. In fairness, there are two utterly isolated instances of humour but seeing as they're sandwiched by a mediocre heap of slapstick shite, it's hardly worth your while. Stay at home.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE MONTH AT THE IFC

DIRECTOR MICHAEL Cuesta's debut film, L.I.E (Jan 17 - Feb 6), explores the ambiguous relationship between a teenage boy (Paul Franklin Damo) and the middle-aged Vietnam vet (Brian Cox) who he has stolen guns from but who eventually becomes his father figure. Don't let the furry-friends title of Take Care Of My Cat (Jan 24 - Feb 6) put you off. It's a Korean film about five girls in their late teens - all friends - which says it will present a wide view of Korean society through the micro-activity of the girls and their post-School changes (Directed by Jae-eun Jeong.) The fuss surrounding director Gaspar Noe's grim thriller Irreversible (Jan 31 - Feb 20) boils down to a nine minute rape scene. Reports that it blurs the line between porn and art suggest a film somewhere between Eyes Wide Shut and Hole Wide Open. Real Women Have Curves (Jan 31 - Feb 13) sounds like a ball busting feminist diatribe but actually turns out to be a coming-of-age family drama centred around a chubby Mexican teen's (America Ferrera) post graduation year. Patricia Cordosa directs. French actor Jacques Bidou plays a man pissed off with his entire life in Monday Morning (Feb 7 - Feb 20) who suddenly packs in work and all the rest of it to travel around the world. Otar Iosseliani won Best Director for this at the 2002 Berlin Film Festival. After playing second fiddle in films like Boogie Nights, stumpy rent-a-geek Phillip Seymour Hoffman finally lands himself a starring role in Love Liza (Feb 21 - Feb 28). He plays Wilson Joel, a man whose life falls apart after the unexpected suicide of his wife. Directed by Todd Luiso. Another debut, from Mexican Carlos Reygada is Japan (Feb 21 - Feb 28). It follows the relationship between a middle-aged man and an old wise woman set deep in the Mexican countryside. So that's why it's called Japan then.



Hot action from L.I.E.